JOHN BULL, JANUARY 14, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1706

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

HATES HIS OWN VOICE - YET NEVER STOPS TALKING

British Movietone News Commentator

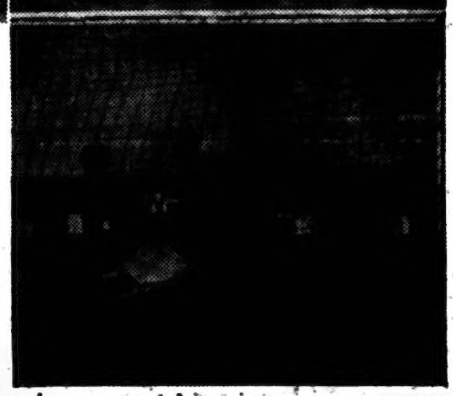
LESLIE MITCHELL

says his kind of talking is hard work

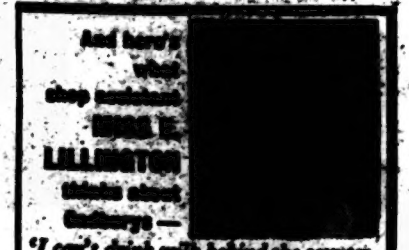
"My work as British Movietone News Commentator and Television Commentator involves so much talking and hearing myself talk that sometimes I hate the sound of my own voice. Talking may not impress you as very strenuous work, but it's not so easy when you know that every word you say is being recorded and will be heard by millions of people, and that you must say the right thing at the right moment without any hesitation or mistakes. Under these conditions you have to keep fit and clear in the head to talk sense! And I've found Cadbury's to be a tremendous help because, although my meals are often rushed or missed entirely that doesn't matter when I've got a block of Cadbury's in my pocket. It's a great standby and stops that "hollow feeling" from getting into my voice!"

Here's one kind of scene that gives Leslie Mitchell full scope for his gift of racy and amusing comment.

And it's even harder to follow and describe the 250 mile an hour aerobatics of planes at an aerial pageant.



You have to think fast to follow the game and give an accurate description of scenes from a Cup Tie match.



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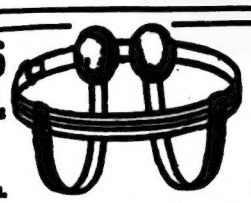

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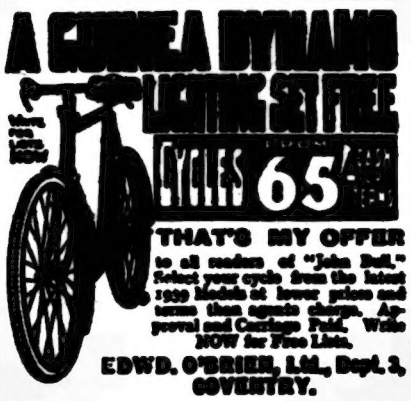

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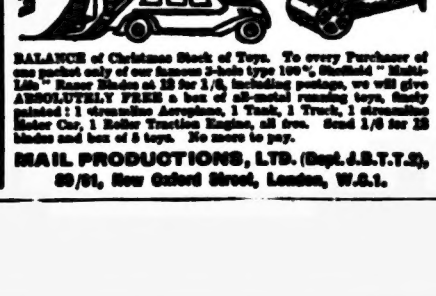

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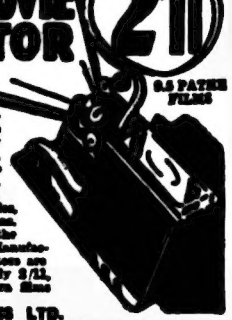

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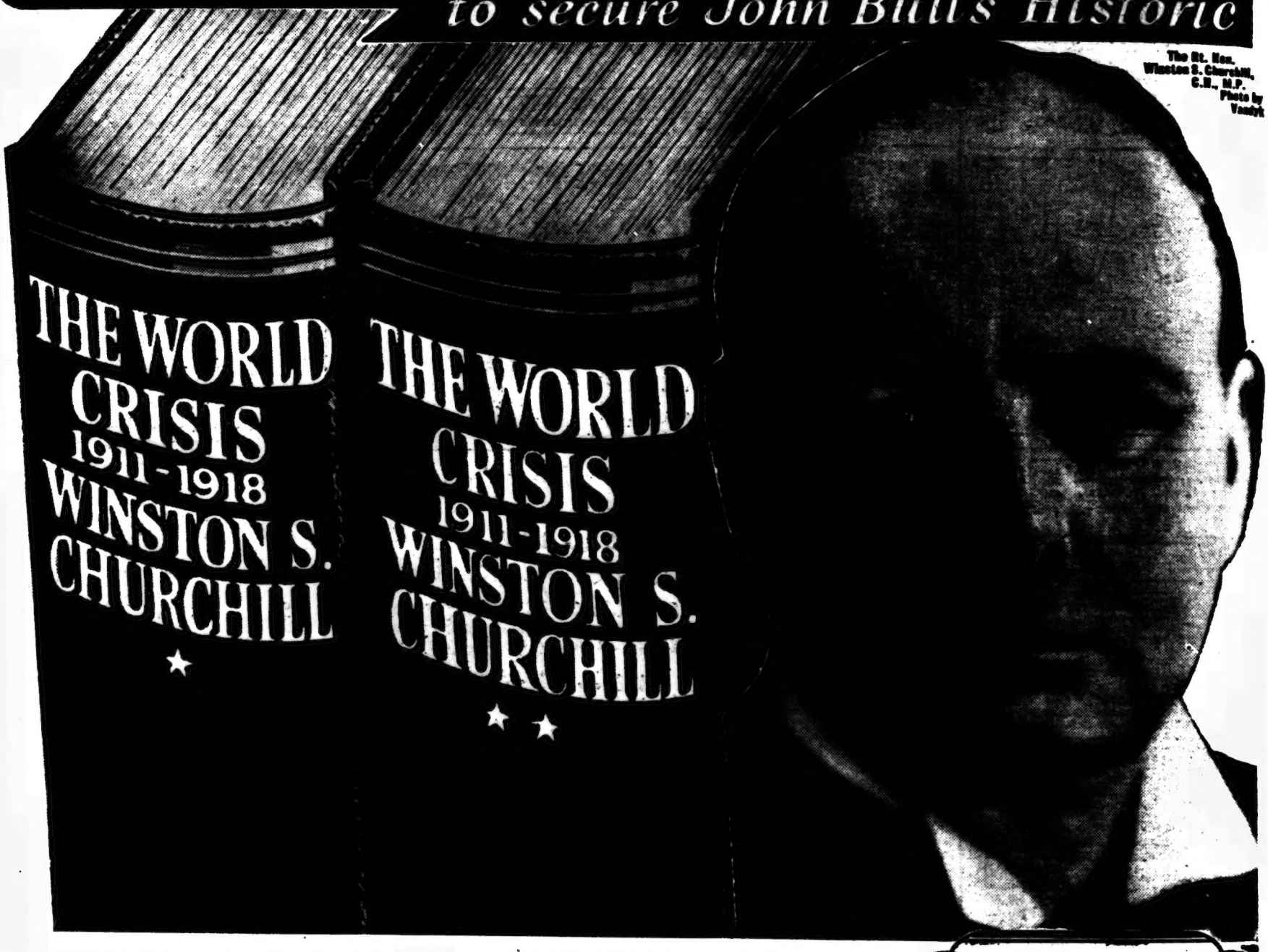

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. Photo by Vandyk

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Great War Council of August 5—Lord Kitchener at the War Office—Organisation of the British Armies—Kitchener's distrust of Territorials—Clearing the "Goeben" and "Breslau"—British Army crosses the Channel—Complete failure of Jellicoe's Russian Plan XVII—The Battle of Mons—Allies retreat—Fears for the Channel Ports—Expedition to the German Colonies—Chasing the "Emden"—The "Königsberg" and the "Emden"—Japan declares war on Germany — The Anzacs sail — The Canadians cross the Atlantic—German Fleet Concentrated at Heligoland Bight—The Battle of the Marne—The Zeppelin menace — The Battle for Antwerp—Naval engagement at Heligoland—Coronation terror at Sarge Plain—Lord Fisher at the Admiralty—The Battle of Coronel and the Falklands—Bombardment of Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby—Turkey and the Balkans—Venizelos offers a Greek alliance—War declared on Turkey—Bombardment of the Dardanelles—Anzacs arrive in Egypt, etc., etc.

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OPPORTUNITY

New Year Presentation to its readers

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1911 – 1918

by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL C.H., M.P.

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THE WHOLE COUNTRY has been taken by storm by "John Bull's" historic New Year Presentation—the publication and distribution of a special authorised edition of "THE WORLD CRISIS," 1911-1918, by the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P. Readers who have not yet applied are this week given one further opportunity to do so. Hitherto the unabridged edition of "THE WORLD CRISIS," 1911-1918, could not be obtained by the general public under £5 2s. It is at the wish of Mr. Winston Churchill himself that this new Edition is offered at a price that will enable this work to be available to all.

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JOHN BULL

A British Institution

STRAIGHT FROM . . . . . . THE SHOULDER

Trade Booming: Make it Better Still!

STILL trade goes up. Latest official figures prove it. Steel industry recovering. Pig-iron production mounting. Overtime in many branches of engineering.

Anglo-American agreement bringing better business to xtiles, woollens, cycles, pottery.

Good Start

So 1939 has started well.

Cabinet Ministers declare it will be a boom year. We don't heer that prediction; our memory makes us sceptical Ministerial complacency.

We prefer to be cautiously optimistic.

But 1939 *can* be made a bumper year, given international accord. Its prosperous dawn can, and should, sher in a golden twelve months.

top the Dodgers

Income tax won't go up to 7s. in the ound, as Jeremiahs forecast.

Chancellor Sir John Simon will refrain om dealing that blow to better trade. JOHN BULL gives him two tips how to t some of the extra money he'll need. First, stop tax-dodging. His much-unted safeguards are saving only 2,000,000 a year. If he really stopped e dodgers he'd get ten times as uch.

In income tax there's still one law for e rich and one for the poor.

iddlesticks!

Estate duties are already ruinous, it's id. Surely it is no great hardship at, when a man leaves ten million unds, his heirs inherit only five mil-ons because of death duties.

Raise the scale a bit higher, Sir John!

igher Wages

Raise the curve of trade by raising ages!

It's bad for business that only one in n of breadwinners have incomes of 250 a year. Bad that a handful of eople own more than half the national pital.

Earn more, spend more. Spend more, nd you give work to our workless.

ut Them to Work

Those unemployed, says Liverpool's ishop, should be on our conscience. hat's a spiritual fact none can deny.

And only the purblind can't see the aterialistic view that it would pay us put the workless in jobs rather than ay them to rot in idleness.

ure this Cancer

There should be a nation-wide cam-aign for an end of unemployment, the ation's cancer.

The Labour Party should take the itiative in demanding a cure, and hould not rest until it is applied.

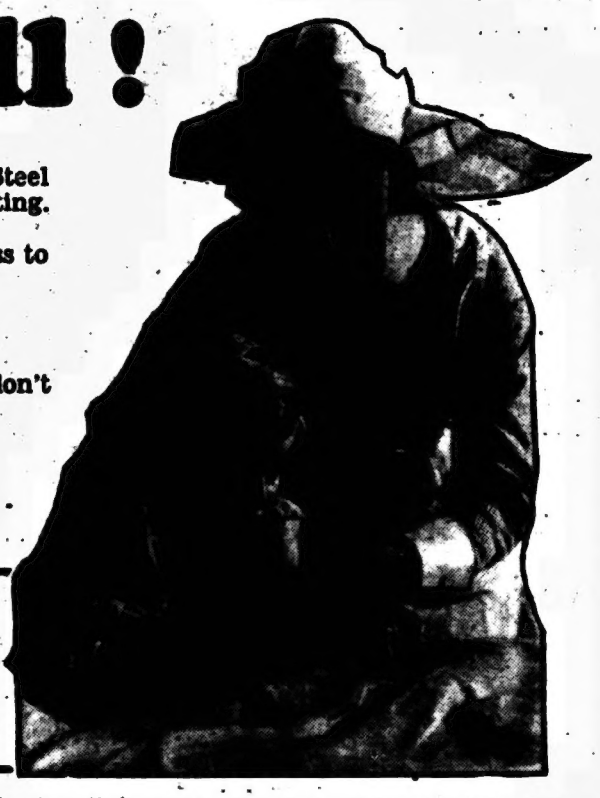
Our Ministers must not be allowed to outh empty regrets about the wide-pread distress instead of providing jobs end it.

ollow this Lead

What jobs? Those that will increase ritons' well-being and Britain's assets.

Torquay is building homes for old people. Rents range from 1s. 6d. to 3s. a week.

Here's a grand work that shouldn't be left to rich Torquay!



This sick child is getting better; but one children's hospital is closing and many others are faced with ruin. So let's build up a sane hospital system quickly!

Build More Houses

Old folk who have spent their lives in honest toil deserve well of the State. So do young folk who are rearing families to carry on the nation's work of the future.

So build more—and not merely for aged pensioners.

Forgotten Plans

Houses, docks, bridges, power stations—all are national investments, well worth the initial cost. And what of the roads?

London's Western Avenue, for years the road that led nowhere, is now to be completed. But the Bressey report, that advocates roads really fit for the Empire's capital, is just accumulating dust.

Great trunkways through the country are expensively congested; no wonder the Ministry of Transport is so anxious to forget that Five-Year Road Plan which, inaugurated with much ballyhoo, has achieved nothing!

Don't Wait

That's work which should be done in 1939. And there should be a better deal for the workers as well as for the workless.

Thirty thousand Kent farm labourers will get paid holidays this summer. Why not all workers?

Paid holidays will eventually become law. It would give an immense fillip to our prosperity if employers granted them now instead of waiting for Parliament's compulsion.

Lucky Lambeth

Even so, hosts of the new holiday-makers won't be able to afford hotel prices.

So Lambeth Borough Council has bought fifty-seven acres near Herne Bay to give a seaside spell for poor families. The chalets and dining-halls will accommodate 500 at a time.

Praise Lambeth! See that your council does likewise!

Save the Hospitals

Holidays prevent illness, restore health to those who have been ill.

Yet the country convalescent home and branch hospital of London's Hospital for Sick Children is to be closed owing to lack of funds.

So there's another worth-while task for 1939. Build up a real hospital system, one that won't have to depend on cheques from the rich and pennies from the poor.

Sinister Smoke

You can help the doctors in a less sensational, more important, way. Stop killing your neighbours by tuberculosis, asthma and bronchitis; stop the suffering of rickety children.

Smoke fogs send up the death-rate sixfold in big cities. The smoke comes from house chimneys—yours included, no doubt.

Waste Not, Want Not

So we welcome the gas industry's campaign for smoke abatement. In that campaign, of course, the gas companies have an axe to grind—but it's the nation's axe as well as their own.

We can get drugs, antiseptics, tar, paint, dyes, fertilisers and a dozen other products from coal; at present, they're being wasted up your chimneys. So are the world's greatest blessings—clean air and sunshine.

Over the World

There's a man-made boon, too, that deserves the country's interest. Regular air mail services across the Atlantic will start in May.

Easy to exaggerate the advantages of those wings-across-the-ocean. But if the selling of American newspapers in England within twelve hours helps to a quicker understanding of American views, thus strengthening the friendship confirmed by the Anglo-American trade treaty, then 1939 will justify the bright dreams of our politicians.

Not His Fault

Still letters reach us complaining of the unfairness in making dog licences, unlike radio licences, date from January 1. But the Post Office replies to our recent strictures by blaming the Inland Revenue authorities, for whom the P.M.G. merely acts as agent.

That's true. So let the P.M.G. add his powerful voice to ours and get the anomaly ended.

Homeless—*to Save a School*

WHAT would you do if you were in the position of Mr. and Mrs. Charles James, of Uxmaston, Pembrokeshire? Here is their problem:

They have seven children—Mr. James could, therefore, draw £2 3s. a week in unemployment pay. But he has preferred a job—as council roadman—at 10s. a week less.

The house which the James family occupies is worse than any barn. The roof is off. This winter the suffering of the seven children—who include two sets of twins—has been terrible.

Long ago the property was condemned. Doctors are appalled that nine people have been compelled to stay on it under such conditions—because no other house is available.

That doesn't mean that there are no vacant houses. The local council has discussed the awful home life of these people and has admitted that there are unoccupied dwellings in which they could be decently accommodated.

Why, then, cannot they have one?

First reason given is that large families are not desired.

But that argument could scarcely be used when a commodious council house became vacant in a near-by area.

So a second reason for refusal was given.

Mr. James was told that he cannot have this house because he would have to leave the parish and the parish school would have to be closed down! It is attended by thirteen pupils—seven of whom are his children.

On the one hand, he cannot get a home because his family is too large; on the other because, without that family, the school could not exist.

Next week the problem will come to a head. Mr. James has stopped paying 7s. weekly rent for the hovel and the family will be evicted in a few days.

Where will they turn?

Anywhere, say the authorities—except into a council house and as long as they don't leave the parish and so endanger the school.

Voice of the People

THANK you, JOHN BULL, for your recent condemnation of those religious fanatics with a salvation complex who worry and retard the recovery of sick people in our hospitals with their depressing visits and "Are-you-saved?" pamphlets.

I am reminded of another parson who told hospital patients that their sickness was God's punishment for past sins.

These wretched people, everlastingly harping on sin, are the worst enemies of the Master they profess to follow, and succeed only in alienating people from His Church.

Hospital authorities would do well to keep these folk away from patients.

It would not be easy, I admit, unless all clergy were deprived of their privileged entry into hospitals, but if it were insisted that a clergyman's visit to a sick bed ended with spiritual ministration to the sick, some useful improvement might be achieved.—A Manchester Curate (whose name and address were enclosed).

One of the worst Jeremiahs we know has been appointed Chaplain to a well-known hospital.

Not Their Job

Police had to deal with people who tried to make unauthorised entry into Buckingham Palace recently as a political demonstration.

The sentries did nothing—stood like sphinxes.

One wonders, then: Why are they there?—A. L. Hayward, 48, Granley Road, Cheltenham, Gloucester.

To protect the King's person. But it is made clear to the military that questioning or controlling civilians is no part of that duty.

Fidelity

The local hospital admitted an old man of eighty-eight, knocked down in the street.

His wife arrived. She is eighty. All through their lives *she* had tended him. She wanted to do so now.

So they made up a bed for her in the same room—and within ten days she had nursed him back to health.—G. W. Upton, "Glenavon," Colville Avenue, Shoreham-by-Sea.

Our Heritage

Encourage people to see their own Empire!

It is becoming more and more possible, as long-distance air liners and faster steamships cut down distances.

Touring our wide open spaces, Youth will recapture something of the old pioneer spirit. It will fling its hands towards the horizon and say: "This is my heritage.—G. W. Ushel, Barton Road, Wisbech, Cambs.

Do you know why summer brings so many American wage-earners to London? They join travel clubs, save for years for a trip to Europe. We could wish we had such travel clubs here—and the money was spent as our Wisbech reader suggests.

● Ban the Hospital Pests
● Private Takes the Salute
● Village Challenges Europe

Baby's Orange

A woman neighbour came to my door last night. Had I such a thing as an orange? She was without orange-juice for her baby's breakfast.

She was quite distressed when she found I couldn't oblige her.

Surely such fads are overdone!—M. W., Avenue Road, Gateshead.

A doctor comments: "The baby would have come to no harm through missing a day's orange-juice. It is the cumulative effect of giving a balanced diet that is important."

The Bulldog Barked

So effectively have the police put down street collections that bogus charity collectors now "work" factories and offices.

They sweep into a business house and out again with full collecting-boxes before anyone can realise what has happened.

Five different collectors visited our office one morning last week. And, hearing a row, I looked out of the window to see the collector for Society "A" quarrelling with the collector of Society "B" for working the ground and not warning him. — Registered Reader 300,502, Ritherdon Road, Balham, S.W.17.

One bogus charity tried it on the JOHN BULL staff last week. The collectors were unlucky!

Brazen Bells

When a fire breaks out in Jamaica, all traffic must pull into the kerb and stop as soon as the fire-engine bells are heard. All pedestrians must hurry to the sidewalks. In a matter of seconds a clear passage is made for the firemen.

Surely we should copy this?—W. E. Lovering, 44, Humphrey Street, Liverpool, 20.

Although there are no by-laws insisting on it, much the same thing happens here. London Fire Brigade reports that drivers seem very well disciplined to the sound of the fire bells.

Challenge

We are only a tiny mining village of a thousand people—but we could put a football team in the field that would challenge the Rest of Europe.

Here's my team. Every man comes from little Livingston Station:

Waugh (now playing for Hearts); T. Sneddon (Rochdale), H. Sharkey (Shelbourne), J. Fleming (Hibernian), J. Russell (St. Bernards); Joe McPherson (Queen of the South); T. McIntyre (Hibernian), T. Walker (Hearts), J. Clark and P. McPherson (Waterford), and C. O'Rawe (Airdrie). Reserves: J. Purdie (Bradford City) and Jim McPherson (Shelbourne).—A. H. M., Livingston Station, Midlothian, Scotland.

Any challengers?

Sense Makes Speed

That was a fine letter in JOHN BULL from a railwayman, explaining why there are so many goods delays on our lines.

May I, as a road transport driver, tell how we achieve the speedy handling that gets us increased business?

The lorry-driver may have half-a-dozen jobs on his delivery sheet. The order in which he delivers them is more or less left to his discretion.

He sees that all marked "Urgent" are handed over first, sees for himself that the goods are intact, and reports immediately to his depot if there is anything wrong.

In case of damage or shortage there is enquiry, and either consignee or receiver is compensated.

How different with our red-tape encumbered railways!—A. H. Bradley, 8, Second Avenue, Numsthorpe, Grimsby, Lincs.

And they call it
Social Service!

May I tell what the Old Age Pension has meant for one old couple?

On becoming old enough to qualify for it, my husband was compulsorily retired by his firm.

As I hadn't reached pensionable age, we had to appeal for Public Assistance—which meant that we had to squander our small life savings before we could get any help.

All that has now gone—and I am still a long way off getting a pension.

Can you wonder that to me the Old Age Pension, on present lines, is not a social reform, but a social millstone that has crushed two people who deserved much better?—S. A., Saundby, Retford, Notts.

* * *

I was given a small increase in wages recently—just enough, when saved and devoted to improving myself educationally, to lift me out of the rut.

But the Means Test people have seized it. They have pointed out that the alternative would be to reduce the payments they make to my father.

And this treatment—which more or less insists that all sons of unemployed men shall remain underpaid, unskilled workers, no matter how high their ambitions and determination—is graced with the name Social Service.—A. B. R., Lancs.

Danger on the Line!

A green light shines through the drizzle. The engine-driver sees it reflected from the wet lines ahead of him. So the road's clear!

Then, just in time, he realises the light is not a railway signal, but a robot traffic control which some thoughtless authority has erected on a road crossing the line.

All over Britain it is happening. Red lights, green lights, white lights, winking lights, staring lights, are being dotted round our main railway lines to wreck the nerves of express drivers responsible for your safety.

Therefore we hope that road authorities everywhere see this picture of a shielded pedestrian light on Aston Bridge, Bristol—snapped by G. E. D., a local JOHN BULL reader—and that they will act accordingly.

Old Soldiers

I am ninety-eight.

Our vicar asked me: "What is the proudest moment of your life?" and, when I told him, added: "You should certainly send that to JOHN BULL."

Well, here's the story:

During the Great War I tried to rejoin the colours at seventy-four. Although I wore my medals, they turned me down.

Seeing a battalion march by, bound for France, I saluted. The Colonel saw me do it—spotted my medals. "Eyes right!" he shouted.

And I, a humble ex-private of seventy-four, took the salute.—John Harrington (senior), 37, Shelf Street, Sheffield, 2.

Wrong Hymn

I was twenty-one last Thursday, and one of the older members of my church sent me, with his gift, the message "S.S. Hymn 388."

Judge of my astonishment when I turned up the hymnal and saw it related to "Rescue the Perishing."

But he was referring to the Sunday School hymnal. That, I found, began with the appropriate words: "Life is Opening Out Before You."—A. Jolley, Masonic Hall, Staines.

Wanted!—Nurses

As a member of the Board of one of our finest Northern hospitals, I have been most surprised and disappointed at the lack of young women anxious to choose nursing as a career.

We give good wages, good food, no ward maid's work, extensive leisure, and even allow girls to live at home—but still it doesn't attract them.—A. E. Wade, Fall Lane, Wakefield.

General Nursing Council's examinations are too stiff, seem to be specially designed to keep out the council school girl. And, in most hospitals, girls lose that little bit of liberty that all human beings value. Reader Wade's hospital seems to be giving a square deal. When girls know—he'll get his nurses.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

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Human Documents ..... Page 26
True Story ..... Page 34

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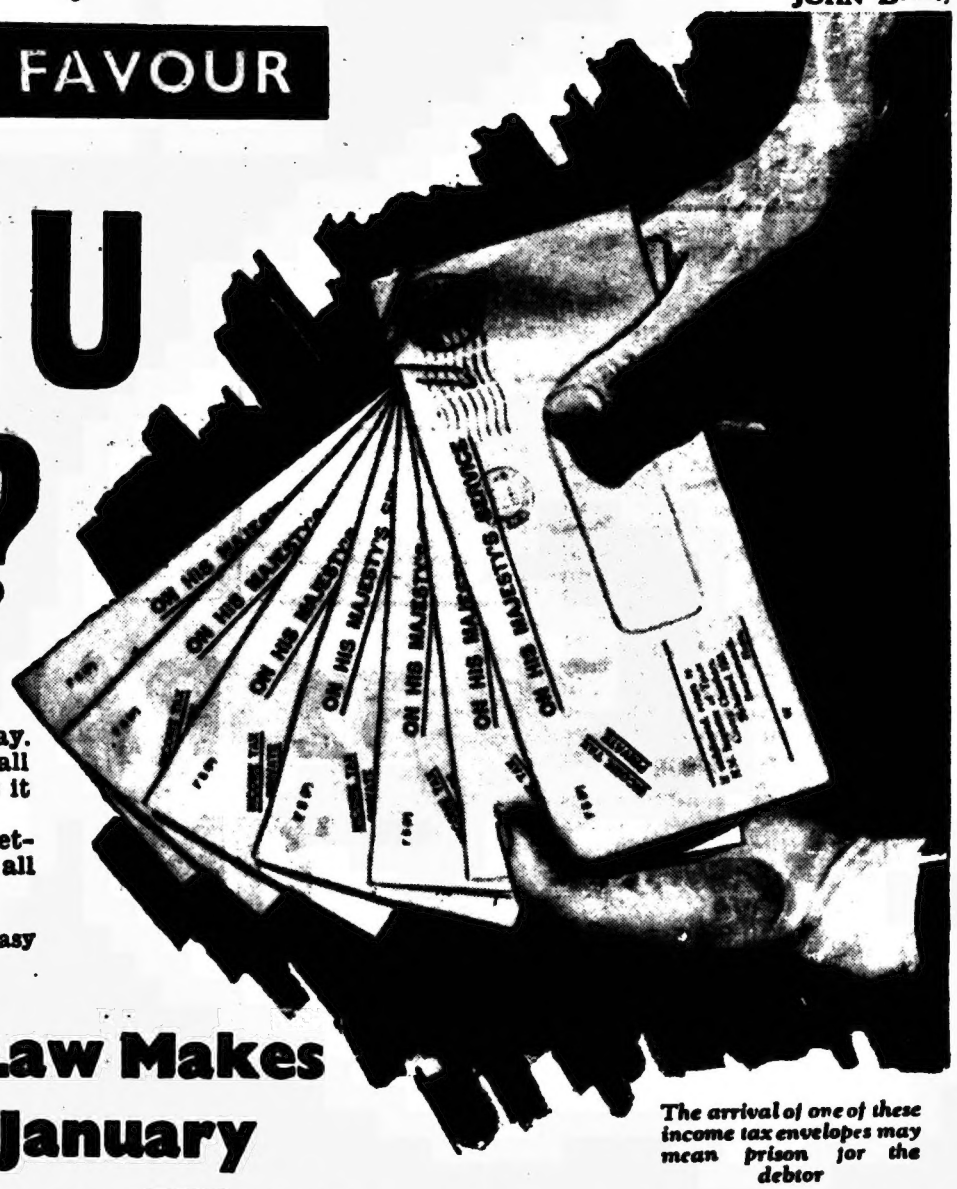
ARE YOU IN DEBT?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The arrival of one of these income tax envelopes may mean prison for the debtor

—The Law Makes Your January Nightmare Worse

POVERTY, they say, is no crime. But it is. In Britain, anyway. And, in some ways, it will be the worst crime of all when the Criminal Justice Bill becomes law this year—as it will become law.

That measure will abolish penal servitude, hard labour, ticket-of-leave, out-of-date prisons, criminal lunatic asylums, and all distinctions between convict prisons and others.

Corporal punishment will end except for grave offences in jail.

Imprisonment of young people under 21 will be stopped in easy stages.

Other youngsters will be allowed to continue at their ordinary jobs by day, but be put under special discipline by night.

Prison is going to be made more a place of treatment, less a house of punishment.

There is, in fact, going to be some needed reform for every offender against the laws of this Realm, from the reprieved murderer down to the lad who raids an orchard.

EXCEPT FOR ONE CLASS OF OFFENDER—THE DEBTORS.

THEY, OF 800,000 PEOPLE FOUND GUILTY OF OFFENCES EVERY YEAR, ARE THE ONLY ONES FOR WHOM NOTHING WILL BE DONE.

And yet they are the ones whose plight calls most loudly for reform!

Frankly described in official returns as "debtor prisoners," they go to prison for poverty, in a land where poverty is no crime.

More than 14,000 of them were jailed last year. Something like 10,000 to 15,000 of them are jailed every year—this month of January, with its spate of bills, being the worst month of all.

No fewer than 150 of those who went to prison last year were under the age of 21.

Many of these couldn't pay the fines for motor-cycling offences. Just couldn't.

OTHERS couldn't pay the fines for a variety of childish offences—in many cases weren't given a fair chance to find the money.

One lad, married at 17 and regretting it at 18, found himself temporarily unable to pay the wife with whom he didn't live the allowance he had been ordered to pay for life.

He was dragged away from a weeping mother to prison.

Soon it will be impossible to send a boy like that to prison for even the worst criminal offence, and we're not sorry about it.

But the machinery under which it will be possible to imprison him for poverty will still grind on unchanged.

Let us look at a few more of these "worst criminals of all."

Two detectives called at a working man's home in Islington recently. They told him that he would have to go to prison forthwith unless he paid them 29s. 2d. for rates.

He had a wife and eight children. And his earnings were only 50s. a week. He might as well have been asked for £29!

While his children cried at the mention of the word prison, they took him away.

But before they had been able to convey him to prison his wife arrived at the police station with a pound. It represented the savings of a kindly neighbour.

"Sorry!" they said. "But a pound is useless."

So they took him to Brixton Jail, ordered him to strip and bath, gave him a number and a cell.

His wife haunted the gates of the prison, but: "Sorry!" they said. "You must get the other 9s. 2d."

When far more than 9s. 2d. of the taxpayers' money had been wasted on branding a decent citizen with a stigma that could never be removed, a stranger gave the wife those few shillings, and her husband was free.

One more instance of last year's 14,214:—

Two months ago an Eccles woman with a six-weeks-old baby left her home for a few minutes. When she got back her husband had disappeared.

The explanation was contained in the following note on her table:—

"Your husband arrested. Gone Strangeways. Amount due to release £4 7s. 4d. Money to be paid to Strangeways Jail, Manchester.

"(Signed) Warrant Officer."

That husband was unemployed. The money he owed was a small debt for essential clothing for his wife and children, which had been swollen to £4 7s. 4d. by legal costs.

There weren't four shillings in the house, let alone £4—and there was no hope of getting money with the husband away.

NO one would have heard of that story if the poor, distracted wife hadn't gone crying through the streets with her baby held to her breast.

IN FACT, MOST OF THE FOURTEEN THOUSAND ODD PEOPLE WHO GO TO PRISON EVERY YEAR FOR DEBT DO SO WITHOUT THE PUBLIC HEARING A WORD ABOUT THEIR COMMITTAL.

With income tax, this sort of thing can happen:—

Through domestic troubles a taxpayer finds himself getting more and more behind.

He may get a year-and-a-half behind before any serious pressure is put on him. But then the authorities begin to turn the screw.

If he has found it difficult to keep pace with current demands, it is going to be harder to meet current *and* past demands.

Yet judgment summonses will shower on him in respect of each half-year he owes. Failure to meet any one of them will mean prison.

This failure is never made known in open court. So the public never gets to know that he has been gathered up by the warrant officer and taken away to a cell—*probably to lose his job and all chance of ever paying any debts.*

Yes, it is a terrible crime is poverty, or, among the salaried classes, that unavoidable financial embarrassment that is poverty's first cousin.

What would the public say if, when a man is charged with stealing, say, sausage rolls, the magistrate said: "I am going to send you to prison for stealing one of the rolls, and then, when you come out, reserve the right to send you to prison in respect of all the other sausage rolls separately"?

They do just that to debtors.

CHARLES DICKENS was supposed to have roused public opinion to the point at which imprisonment for debt was abolished.

AFTER THAT, INSTEAD OF SENDING YOU TO PRISON FOR OWING THE MONEY, THEY GOT THE COURT TO ORDER YOU TO PAY THE MONEY AND THEN SENT YOU TO PRISON FOR DISOBEYING THE COURT!

In January, 1936, the Money Payments Act came into force, designed to stop the scandal of sending people to prison for inability to pay fines.

In the very next year there was an increase in the number of people who went to prison because they couldn't pay fines!

That year no fewer than 7,210 were committed in this way.

Thank heaven for all the reformers who have done so much to reform the penal code since the days, a hundred years ago, when there were 220 offences punishable with death—John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, and, in our day, Sir Samuel Hoare.

But isn't it strange that nobody has ever been able to do anything about this crime of poverty?

DICKENS COULDN'T.

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT FAIL.

FOR RENT ARREARS FAMILIES CAN STILL BE TURNED OUT IN THE RAIN, WITHOUT RESORT TO A COURT IN MANY CASES. WHOLE HOUSES FULL OF NEW FURNITURE CAN BE SEIZED AND SOLD AT KNOCK-OUT PRICES TO SATISFY A DEBT OF A FEW POUNDS.

Let the House of Commons remember these things when it is asked to reform the penal code.

And then, at the first opportunity, let it show mercy not only to the criminal classes but to the people whose only crime is poverty.

Read This Tragic Letter:

An entrance to Surrey County Hospital, Epsom. Behind it are corrugated iron huts still used as wards

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:

"I don't know where I am—in a tin shed where the soldiers used to be.

"I am with a lot of imbeciles, over seventy and eighty years old, all in babies' cots.

"I am broken-hearted. Don't give anyone my address, or allow anyone to come to see me.

"I would give anything to be with you all, but I know that is impossible—I am with the imbeciles. I do hope the Lord takes me soon.

"I have been punished. I pray that my dear, darling children are not. How are my darlings Harold and Vernon, also dear Audrey, and my darling twins, Bryan and Gordon?

"Dear Husband, you won't let anyone come to see me, especially our relatives and neighbours. You can come if you want to, but you need not do so any more. I have made up my mind I shan't be here long.

"I would love to spend my last days at home. But a tin shed is my home. God bless you all. Hilda."

32 PATIENTS IN A TIN-HUT WARD

MRS. HILDA SIMPSON, of Killester Gardens, Worcester Park, Surrey, wrote these words.

And she wrote them from an important hospital in Surrey—wealthiest county in England.

Mrs. Simpson was transferred a few days ago to the Surrey County Hospital, Epsom, from Middlesex Hospital, London, where she had been receiving treatment for an internal illness.

Her husband saw her on the day before she was taken to Epsom.

Although still in great pain, she was smiling and full of hope that she would soon be back with her children.

She was happy, too, because Surrey County Hospital is within a few miles of her home and she was looking forward to visits from relatives and friends.

Then, two days later, her husband received the tragic letter which we have printed above.

"A tin shed . . . imbeciles . . . don't let anyone come to see me. . . . I do hope the Lord takes me soon. . . ."

Mr. Simpson raced to Epsom.

He found his wife—one of thirty-two patients—in a low-ceilinged corrugated iron hut painted red.

The atmosphere, he says, was foul, for the windows were closed and there was no other ventilation.

On a line of children's cribs at one end of the hut lay a number of old women who were obviously mental. The other patients were accident and sickness cases.

His wife was nearly demented. She clutched his arm and begged him to take her away at once.

When she arrived at this hospital, she said, she had lain for half an hour on a stretcher in a corridor near the hut.

It was very cold, and the ambulance men took her back to their van for warmth.

But they could not wait longer and, finally, she was removed from the stretcher and laid on the floor inside the hut while a bed was prepared. Then she was placed beside the aged imbeciles in the cots.

SINCE then she had seen mice running about the floor, and her pain had been intensified by fear of her surroundings.

At once Mr. Simpson ordered his wife's clothing to be brought, summoned an ambulance, and had her removed to a private hospital in London.

Last Sunday, visiting day at Surrey County Hospital, a JOHN BULL representative went to see the corrugated iron huts. They were erected twenty years ago in a kind of yard in the grounds.

The patients spoke with gratitude of the attention they received from the doctors, the matron and her staff who, they emphasised, did their best to make them as comfortable as possible under such conditions.

But during the recent icy weather the temperature in the huts—with the maximum heating in use—was only 42 degrees, or 23 degrees lower than it should ever be in hospital wards.

So cold that the nursing staff had to huddle round an electric fire, and doctors had to delay operations on some patients for a whole week, rather than expose them to the danger of pneumonia.

WHEN JOHN BULL'S representative entered the huts the atmosphere was clean, for it had just been sprayed with antiseptic. But it soon became polluted. Fumes belched in from a drainage vent-pipe—situated four inches from the end of the huts

The smell changed. This time it was accompanied by smoke, which came from an incinerator not far away, where hospital refuse was being burned.

The patients drew their blankets over their heads, or used smelling-salts supplied to them by visiting friends.

Hospital accommodation of this kind—more suitable for storage sheds than the housing of the sick and disabled—might be expected in a primitive community on the prairie, or in a gold-mining camp.

But that it should be found in England's richest county is a scandal that must be swept away at once.

This month the Minister of Health will discuss with experts the best way of spring-cleaning the administration of voluntary hospitals.

That is a fine stride forward—after the way in which the plight of these institutions has been ignored.

But progress must not end with that step.

Under the Minister's wing are those hospitals—far outnumbering the voluntary ones—which are paid for by taxpayers and ratepayers.

Is he sure that these institutions are properly conducted and maintained?

JOHN BULL can tell the Minister of Health that many of them are not.

IT is ten years since they were taken out of the poor law sphere and handed over to the control of town and county councils, so that conditions in them could be raised to a level in keeping with medical progress and humane ideals.

The intended reform has not taken place. Most of Britain—with the exception of districts controlled by the London County Council—is still served by public hospitals which are slums compared with those of other countries.

Wards reek with the old poor law atmosphere, staff is inadequate, food is poor, equipment is out of date and inadequate, the supply of drugs and appliances is cheap and stinted.

How long must the sick and suffering be treated like this?

There is only one way in which the cruel anomalies of Britain's hospital system can be ended—and that is by the policy which JOHN BULL has championed for years.

Every hospital in Britain ought to be a State responsibility, and under direct State control.

If that policy had been a reality to-day, Mrs. Simpson's letter would never have been written, and thousands of sufferers would have been spared needless ordeals.

The Human Machine

Flint and Steel

FEW sayings are more fallacious than "Nothing succeeds like success."

Men rarely succeed through success; far more often they succeed through failure.

That is, of course, if they are sensible men, men who have the wit to learn and remember and remedy.

No one has ever achieved anything worth while who has not first served an apprenticeship of difficulty.

Someone once complimented a famous French General on his good fortunes and his possessions.

"Oh, you envy me, do you?" said the General.

"Well, you shall have all I have on much better terms than I did. Come out into the courtyard. I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times from thirty paces, and if I don't kill you, all I have shall be yours."

The visitor demurred. "What! You won't?" said the General.

"Very well; but recollect that I have been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived at the state in which you find me."

So don't be deceived, and don't deceive yourself either.

You can't jump to the top. You've got to climb; and if in the process of

climbing you don't slip back a dozen times you're born lucky!

Just as fire tempers steel, so difficulties and obstacles temper character.

They rouse energy, stiffen self-reliance and stimulate effort.

What the Quakers call the "divine spark" is always there, but ease and apathy will never kindle it into flame.

Only challenge to one's manhood can do that.

● A day after President Roosevelt thundered in Congress against Fascism, Rumania went Fascist. The new doctrine is spreading fast across the world. Will Britons ever renounce their freedom to become its willing slaves? A. G. G. says—

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

By A. G. Gardiner

WHILE we are waiting for the next stroke of the Hitler hammer and the result of Mr. Chamberlain's pilgrimage to Rome, it may be profitable to explore the background of the struggle between dictatorship and democracy on which the world is embarked.

I have dealt in the past week or two with the clash of political ideals, the menace to the Parliamentary creed and the challenge especially to the British Empire.

To-day I shall attempt to bring the matter nearer home to ourselves individually.

IF WE ARE CANDID WITH OURSELVES MOST OF US WILL ADMIT THAT OUR CHIEF CONCERN IN WHAT COMES OUT OF THE PRESENT CONVULSION IS OUR OWN WELL-BEING AND THE WELL-BEING OF THOSE DEPENDENT ON US AND DEAR TO US.

Even more important to us than the political fate of the British Empire is the way of life each one of us will have to live as the result of the convulsion.

We are no longer in any doubt about the way of life which the totalitarian dictators of whatever brand conceive for us.

"We have trampled on the decaying corpse of the Goddess of Liberty," says Mussolini, and wherever the authority of the dictators extends the position of the people is that of slaves to an abstraction called the State.

The concrete expression of that abstraction is the dictator who is omnipotent in every sphere of life, thought, speech, religion, trade, domestic, artistic, material, spiritual.

The individual is abolished; he becomes a mere function of the god-like intelligence from above.

The working of this despotic system could be illustrated from a multitude of angles, the home, the Church, the training of youth, the school, science, art and so on.

I confine myself here to the sphere of labour, and I take Hitler's Germany as the completest working model of the robot civilisation.

Broadly speaking, everyone in Germany to-day works under the lash—a no less effective lash because it takes the form of a concentration camp and not of a leathern thong.

And even the leathern thong plays its part in the concentration camp. Everyone must do as he is told or suffer the consequences: no one can choose for himself.

The latest enactment is an example of how the system works. Every unmarried girl under twenty-five is from this month compelled to work, not at what task she chooses, but on the land or in domestic service.

This is an extension of the law of February last which decreed a year of compulsory service on the land for women.

This compulsion has spread over the face of industry until practically the whole working class is conscripted.

In the metal industries, building, engineering and so on, neither the employer nor the employed has freedom of action.

The worker cannot leave his job for better wages or for any other reason, and the employer is forbidden to engage other workers without official permits.

So with agriculture. No peasant is free to try his luck elsewhere, either in the country or in the town.

He is tied to his master as inexorably as in other days the slave was tied to the cotton plantation of his owner.

The only power that can release the worker is the State, which at a moment's notice can round him up by the hundred thousand and send him, willy nilly, to build great military roads here or Maginot lines there.

This process of regimentation from above is not confined to the great industries. It penetrates everywhere. It combs out commerce.

It closes down small businesses. It picks and chooses from the retail counter. It shuts up newspapers.

It forces the aged worker back into the ranks. It compels a return to the sixty-hour week.

This is the way of life which the totalitarian system imposes on the worker. Whether, merely as an economic policy, it can prove a success, it is too early to say.

But it would be folly to shut our eyes to its material achievements.

It has led the autocrat to boast that it has wiped out unemployment, and that it enabled Germany to construct in five months a Maginot line parallel to one which France had taken fifteen years to construct.

Whether a system of compulsion, low standard of living and ten-hours-a-day labour, however successful in an internal emergency, could survive when the emergency is past remains to be seen.

We know from such evidence as that of the recent remarkable article from the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* how widespread is the disaffection of working classes and employers alike at the servile and oppressive conditions under which industry struggles in the Robot state.

BUT IT IS THE WAY OF LIFE, DESTRUCTIVE OF ALL THE LIBERTIES THAT MAKE A CIVILISED SOCIETY, WITH WHICH THE WORLD IS CHALLENGED TO-DAY.

If it only concerned the dictatorship States themselves, we could afford to be indifferent to it.

We could afford to leave those unhappy countries to recover their freedom by their own strength.

But that is not the case. The dictators are making war on the principle of democracy and Parliamentary government everywhere.

They are doing so because they know that the modern world, in Lincoln's great phrase, "cannot endure half slave and half free."

While free institutions, a free Press and free discussion exist anywhere, the iron tyranny that they have clamped on their own peoples is imperilled.

It is not enough to suppress all freedom at home. They must suppress it abroad. For there is nothing so contagious as the spirit of freedom.

Hence the audacious propaganda with which the dictators are seeking to undermine the foundations of liberty abroad, not merely in Europe, but in the United States and South America, and wherever there is a German "cell" to spread the infection.

For this reason it is idle to look for settled and secure peace to be established until the issue between the two ways of life, the way of freedom embodied in Parliament and the way of slavery embodied in dictatorship is decided.

In the long run, I have no doubt how the decisions will go. But it depends on the wisdom or unwisdom of democracy now whether the decision is soon or late.

It has vast reserves of strength, but it is, by its nature, slow in mobilising them—how slow we are being made unhappily aware to-day.

The first essential is to recognise the formidable advantage which the dictatorship principle has in collecting its power and shaping its strategy in secrecy and without criticism.

The next is to counter that advantage by realising that, in fighting the battle of liberty, democracy must consolidate its strength and not hesitate to sacrifice its lesser liberties to the necessity of a solid front.

It must show that it can do voluntarily much of what the dragooned and servile dictatorships do compulsorily.

This is not the time to indulge in strikes and internal disruption such as have made France so disquieting a spectacle in these anxious days.

Nor must we tolerate the buffooneries of the negligible group of irresponsible revolutionaries who invade hotels, fling themselves down in Oxford Street and cart coffins about from door to door.

We are in the presence of the gravest crisis in human history. Let us show that the spirit of the nation can rise to the height of the great argument.

If it does, we can ensure that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In Italy, even boys five years old are drilled and put in the mould which produces worshippers of the State

Write to "John Bull" About it

CLEAN UP MY PROFESSION

She's just another victim for the ex-convict posing as an "estate agent"

says John Stevenson,

secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents

PUSHING open the door that bears a neat chromium plate with the inscription "Auctioneer and Estate Agent," you enter a sedate and comfortably furnished office.

A young clerk springs up and politely asks your business. While you wait a minute or two, you look round and assure yourself that this must be an old-fashioned and trustworthy firm.

Everything—from the framed plans of big houses to the unobtrusive notice: "Rents Collected"—inspires your confidence.

Then you are shown into the principal's room. His brisk but attentive manner, his quietly prosperous clothes and thoughtful speech, win your respect.

"Leave it to me," he assures you finally. "I see no difficulty. I can promise that in a week or two the business will be concluded to your satisfaction.

"Meanwhile, my dear sir, I will advise you of any detail that I think worthy of your attention."

You thank him, and leave with a sense of security. Why not? There is no reason why you should suspect him of being an "old lag" who knows more about Parkhurst Prison than the estate business.

But after a few weeks, when you find that he is much too occupied to answer your enquiries and is always "engaged" when you call, you begin to doubt.

Then, one day, you find the office shut. Against your will, you have to admit that you have been robbed; and, should you go to the police, you learn that you are merely one of many.

Every day, in fact, people are being defrauded by rogues who find an excellent cloak for their operations in an honourable profession.

This scandalous situation is well known to the Government and our legal officers. But nothing is done to bring it to an end and set up a system that would safeguard both the reputable auctioneer and his client.

Yet three years ago, after long agitation by my Society and JOHN BULL, the whole evil was officially exposed.

A committee of the House of Lords recommended a compulsory central registry of auctioneers, valuers and estate agents, and an improved method of issuing licences.

IN that report was a record I had compiled of criminal offences committed in the estate agency business.

Even though it contained only the worst cases, it made a damning document.

Yes, that was three years ago. And there is still not a sign of Government action!

Well, that isn't good enough for the society of which I am secretary. During the New Year we are going to do our best to fight the crooks by tightening up our regulations.

Meanwhile, I continue to deal with endless and fast-increasing complaints of men who batten on house-hunters.

In many cases, I am sadly aware, they mean not merely a loss but actual ruin to the victims.

Other rogues—some of them women—rob landlords by offering to let houses at preposterous rents, and decamping with the fees they collect.

Even worse, you may think, are the bogus agents who swindle poor people of sums which are supposed to be deposits for house rents.

All this could be easily and speedily remedied. One proposal of the House of Lords committee, for example, was that ex-convicts, bankrupts and other persons who could not produce certificates of good business reputation should be prevented from obtaining licences.

Even that modest proposal was thrown contemptuously into a Whitehall pigeon-hole.

Otherwise Leslie Pilkington, an "estate agent," sentenced at the last Liverpool Assizes to twenty-two months' hard labour, would not have been able to swindle his unsuspecting clients.

He had been bankrupt twice, and twice imprisoned for estate agency frauds. But directly he was released from jail he started afresh in the same old game.

"Not only have you broken the bankruptcy laws," the judge told him sternly, "but you are a thoroughgoing rogue carrying on an utterly fraudulent business."

Quite so. But what should be said of a law that permits an ex-convict to pose as an experienced professional man?

ANOTHER rascal, Ingham Toner, who preyed on a Lancashire town, has been sentenced to nine months for converting clients' money to his own use.

Thirty different charges, involving more than seven hundred pounds, were taken into account.

The Bankruptcy courts, also, provide unceasing evidence of how the public suffers from the almost incredible laxity of the law.

When Robert Haden Tebb, a Henley estate agent, came up for examination recently before the Reading Bankruptcy Court, he produced a statement showing a gross liability of more than £6,000 and no assets.

All the money involved in the losses came from other people. Yet Tebb had the temerity to say that he wanted to start in business again.

"That is just what I want to prevent," said the Registrar.

Again, there is the case from Sunderland of George Richard Vinall, who began an estate agency with a capital of only £40, a gift from his wife.

"You do not seem to have any idea of business morals," remarked the Registrar—and Vinall *agreed*.

In the case of a Croydon estate agent's bankruptcy, it was revealed that the debtor's liabilities were no less than £25,000, against assets under £1,000.

But I could fill a whole issue of JOHN BULL with equally glaring examples.

Scarcely a week passes without my receiving information of a criminal charge or bankruptcy involving a man who should never have been permitted to start in estate agency practice.

RELUCTANCE of Officialdom to insist on proper safeguards is all the more curious because in the days when the State looked on auction sales as forms of revenue and taxed them, a certificate of character was necessary before anyone could set up as an auctioneer.

Now, however, any Dick, Tom and Harry may obtain a licence to practise as auctioneers, valuers and estate agents.

There is not the slightest preliminary enquiry. There is no means of cancelling the licence should it be found that Dick, Tom or Harry is a swindling imposter.

Only the public suffers. Maybe if the Treasury stood to lose a pound or two, we should soon see drastic and effective measures to clean up my profession.

My Society is well aware of the dishonesty rampant in practically every part of the country; we can do nothing.

As I have shown, some of the black sheep fall foul even of the present and ridiculous law. Most escape.

Every reputable firm in the estate agency business is anxious to see the profession's doors closed to these tricksters. They are powerless.

Admittedly, not all well-established firms are in agreement concerning the most effective methods of shutting those doors. It is this lack of unanimity, unfortunately, that the Government has seized upon as an excuse for inaction.

Clearly, that should not be an excuse for dilly-dallying, but a reason why the public should be safeguarded at once.

If the evil did not exist, minor disagreements about the best way to end it would not exist.

MOREOVER, by far the greater part of my profession supports the proposal made by my Society to the House of Lords, and we shall not rest until it is passed into law.

It demands compulsory registration, reliable certificate of character before a licence is granted, and separate accounts for clients' money.

Until that simple reform is achieved, the public will continue to be bilked of many thousands of pounds a year.

The Days of the Comet . . .

ONCE Mr. H. G. Wells wrote a fantasy called "In the Days of the Comet," in which he described how all mankind suddenly became sane.

It was the comet that worked the miracle. When it first appeared it was merely a large star in the evening sky.

It grew until it looked as big as the moon, and the heat could be felt like the rays of a tropical sun.

Just when the dreadnoughts of two rival fleets were approaching for a North Sea battle, the gases released by the comet made men realise the madness of the thing they were about to do.

"It's a nightmare," one seaman exclaims, "and we have wakened just in time. God in Heaven! how crazy we all were! But we didn't know we were mad. We imagined we were being gallant and patriotic."

That's always the trouble. No maniac suspects his madness when the mania is at its height.

The men in our battleships are ready to smash men in other battleships because their foes are not normal human beings like themselves.

They are Huns, Blond Beasts, Baby-Killers, Liars, Tyrants, Fiends. They must be killed like tigers to make the world safe for ordinary decent people.

Do we believe this? It sounds incredible, but we do. In time of war 99 per cent. of us believe it; in time of tension at least 80 per cent. believe it.

And the men in the enemy country have similar delusions about us: we are the Tyrants, the Liars, the Devils! It is we who ought to be wiped out to make the world a decent place.

Yet those of us who have spent a holiday abroad know what the people of other lands are really like—courteous, obliging, happy.

Sixty million people cannot all be villains: in our hearts we know they are not.

How, then, did we lose our wits a short time ago so that we were on the very brink of catastrophe?

Let us get rid of prejudices. There is no sense in jeering at other nations. There is nothing to be gained by denouncing Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini because they happen to be powerful and menacing. Why are they menacing?

They are human beings like Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax. They have to be heard and understood. Their grievances have to be examined and set right if the world is to return to sanity again.

Face the facts; try to see both sides of every dispute; rebuild the world's civilisation on a basis of fair play for all.

Our leaders must meet the leaders of other nations in conference. Little by little they will appreciate each other, discover the causes of disaster, and deliberately remove them.

That is the only way to stave off disaster.

For these *are* the Days of the Comet. Days in which ignorance and suspicion, those most powerful preparations for war, are brooding over the world.

Every time you go shopping keep an eye open for

FAKERS in the FOOD MARKET

The unscrupulous shopkeeper has a dozen tricks for disguising inferior foreign goods as "the best British-made"

BRITAIN'S housewives are being robbed of vast sums every week.

Hiding their swindles under the Merchandise Marks Act, unscrupulous retailers are palming off foreign goods as "British and Best," and pocketing large profits.

Worst offenders are those who deal in food—meat, poultry and eggs—but the same kind of racket is also carried out with manufactured articles.

The last annual report of the Chief of the Public Control Department of the Middlesex County Council has turned the spotlight on this wholesale fraud, but remember that what is happening in Middlesex is also happening to a lesser or greater degree in every county, city, town and village from one end of the country to the other.

Probably to a *greater* degree, because Middlesex is particularly active in safeguarding its ratepayers against such exploitation.

It shares this distinction with two other southern counties—Essex and Kent—and a few great towns in the North.

Investigations by Middlesex inspectors revealed scandalous frauds by many retail shops in the county.

Despite previous prosecutions and warnings, many butchers could not resist the temptation to reap extra profits by passing off foreign meat as English.

"SUCH circumstances," declares the report, "remove the offences from a mere technical failure to observe the Marking Order.

"Many of the offences were committed at branches of large firms, most of which employ inspectors whose duty it is to visit the branches to see that the provisions of the Marking Orders are observed.

"But it is clear that the supervision exercised by many firms is not sufficient to prevent their customers being defrauded by dishonest employees."

Other offences detected were the sale of pig's liver under ticket falsely describing it as sheep's, lamb's or calf's liver, with the consequent charging of an unfair price, and the sale of unmarked foreign poultry.

With foreign poultry, a metal disc must be attached to the wing of the bird indicating the country of origin. It is a common practice for these discs to be removed.

In every case where this kind of fraud is carried out the butcher or poulterer gets more money than he should, and the housewife is robbed.

Towards the end of the Middlesex report there are these highly significant paragraphs:

"While it is clear from the foregoing that the requirements of the Meat Marking Order are being flagrantly disobeyed in Middlesex, there is no reason to suppose that Middlesex butchers are less law-abiding than butchers outside the area.

"From a perusal of the annual reports of the authorities responsible for the enforcement of the Merchandise Marks Orders in the London boroughs, it would appear that *imported meat is never passed off as English there.*

"I cannot bring myself to believe that this is the true position.

"The scandalous state of affairs revealed by the diligence and initiative shown by the Middlesex inspectors cannot be peculiar to the area for which the County Council is responsible."

And that is plainly a challenge to all other local authorities to find out what is happening in their areas.

Because there is no statutory compulsion on a local authority to see that the provisions of the Merchandise Marks Act in respect of the marking of food are observed.

It is just left to the local authority. Which means that in a number of instances nothing effective is done.

The authorities tacitly decide to leave things alone, and not to institute prosecutions. Consequently dishonest retailers are left free to victimise the public.

Such laxity cannot be allowed to continue. What Middlesex and a few other authorities do as a matter of routine duty should be followed by every other authority.

Only then will this open robbery of the public across the shop counter be checked.

Even with the strictest supervision only one sales fraud in a hundred is ever detected.

ONE of the most prevalent of food frauds is with eggs. The markings on foreign eggs are washed off. They are then re-marked English and sold as "new-laid."

A recent case at Southend-on-Sea, Essex, showed that a trader was carrying on extensive marketing of Dutch and Polish eggs as "English new-laid."

Where foreign-manufactured articles are concerned, the Acts lay down that every article must be *conspicuously* marked with its country of origin or as foreign.

"Conspicuous" is the operative word, and the conspicuousness depends on the integrity of the trader.

Frequently garments of foreign manufacture are marked in an inside pocket, and pieces of furniture stamped under a chair seat or inside a drawer.

The purchaser believes that he is buying British goods, and it is not until he receives delivery at home and discovers the insignificant markings that he realises he has been swindled.

An old trick with foreign-made gloves is to mark only one glove, and to hand the unmarked glove to a customer for trying on.

Umbrellas, too, are often made up with cheap foreign frames, and then passed off as of British manufacture.

Always these devices are used to obtain a better price.

Another deception is to mark small foreign goods with a rubber stamp. The stamping is done in such a way as to make the wording indecipherable.

THEN, if any question is raised, the wholesaler can always blame the carelessness of an employee.

One loophole of the present system is that only goods for which orders have been made under the Act must be marked.

But directly any foreign-made article is labelled with an English name—even if it be only the name of the English firm selling it—then it must be marked as foreign.

Recently a London firm was fined for selling unmarked Japanese raincoats.

The coats were labelled only with the name-tag of the firm and sold. The tag, which should have denoted that they were Japanese, was omitted by an error.

But in scores of small, cut-price dress shops, however, garments are deliberately sold with only a firm's label.

At present no machinery exists for detecting frauds with manufactured articles under the Merchandise Marks Act. That duty is left to competitors.

If an offence is established, the Board of Trade will take action, but even then the usual practice is to issue a warning first, and only prosecute on a second offence!

No wonder wily swindlers can laugh at the law.

The Merchandise Marks Act must be amended drastically if the public is not to be cheated across the counters of retail crooks.

Time for Action

DAMP, cheerless days, these.

Not at all the type of weather in which any sensible person would trust bedding that hadn't been thoroughly aired.

So thought a South Wales husband as he dragged a mattress and pillows before a roaring bedroom fire.

A moment's absence from the room, however, and the smell of burning alarmed him.

He rushed back to find that a spark from the coal fire had ignited the bedding, which, blazing from end to end, had, in turn, set light to the linoleum and a bedside table.

Time for action, this. For half an hour he fought the blaze in an effort to save his home.

And although he achieved his main purpose, the damage horrified him.

It would have taken a month's wages to put it right at the best of times—and, at that moment, he was out of a job!

It was a good thing for him, however, that he had protected himself and his home under JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift.

We acted quickly. One morning our cheque dropped through his letter-box. Once again, we had made somebody's loss our loss.

All because he had signed a coupon he had found in JOHN BULL—a coupon such as is awaiting your signature on page 2.

Turn to it now, *and act.* Tragedy has a habit of overtaking people who keep putting things off.

Parliament must act at once to end—

Sir Wyndham Childs'

The Sham Building Society Menace

I WISH to thank 524 generous readers who responded to my appeal for the Greatest of These Fund.

To those who disclosed their names I have already written. Those who disguised their identity under pseudonyms will find an acknowledgment on page 30.

Owing to this generosity, the current account is now in credit, despite all the large payments made during Christmas Week, and I had no cause to call upon the Reserve Fund.

PARLIAMENT'S searchlight is at last to be turned on the ramshackle building societies.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, who next month introduces a Bill to secure reforms I have long demanded, will, of course, deal with the jerry-built house scandal exposed in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago.

But she will also show how unscrupulous promoters are using building and property societies to delude small investors.

Since these concerns are registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, most people imagine that money entrusted to them must be safely invested.

Undoubtedly that was the intention when the Acts were passed, but cunning financiers have found many loopholes.

There is plenty of opportunity to involve shareholders and depositors in serious losses before there appears to be any ground for the Registrar of Friendly Societies to order an investigation.

An amazing illustration is the way members of the City of London Building Society were hoodwinked.

The concern was run by a woman, Miss G. B. Willcocks, and, when it was too late, it was found that she was bankrupt when she formed the society!

Some time elapsed before complaints reached the Registrar. He began investigations at once, but by that time the damage had been done.

Miss Willcocks had defrauded the members of £23,000.

That was more than two-thirds of the society's money, and it had been advanced to a property trust which was also controlled by Miss Willcocks.

In the juggle the 140 members lost nearly all the money they had invested.

This case alone is sufficient to show how urgent it is to revise the law, but it is merely on the fringe of the irregularities which are being practised.

Many of the concerns formed in the last few years enter into all kinds of improper arrangements with jerry-builders, and even grab a share of the fees paid to solicitors for preparing the title deeds of houses.

I know of one case where a solicitor who refused to pay a certain society a large annual fee had his appointment cancelled.

Borrowers are made to pay for all this, but the members of the societies seldom, if ever, share the plunder.

It is the promoters who take the money, and generally they end up by leaving well-nigh worthless shares for those who have invested their savings with them.

Often the literature published is more reminiscent of the sharepusher in his heighday than the sound, safe proposition which a building society should be.

Rates of interest offered are just as much out of focus and, though this should warn the prudent investor, it is, of course, the bait which snares the unwary.

It is a point which the Registrar of Friendly Societies specially refers to in his last report.

"Either," he says, "the rates charged to borrowers are excessive, or borrowers are prepared to pay these rates because the securities they offer would not be accepted by a society which had due regard to the interest of its members."

Then many of these new societies persistently write up the value of property purchased and so show profits which do not really exist.

Moderate though the number of dubious concerns may seem in relation to the total of building societies, a large sum of money is involved.

In all there are 935 building societies in Great Britain, with more than 2,750,000 shareholders and depositors.

Total investments exceed £600,000,000, and in 1937 alone no less than £46,000,000 was obtained in new capital.

Of course, the bigger and well-established societies are as safe as the great joint stock banks, but I am sure they also would welcome a tightening of the law so that there would be less chance of shady financiers exploiting the public.

Members of Parliament will be astounded when they hear the truth of what is going on, and I hope they will not waste a moment in making laws which will end this scandal.

Miss G. B. Willcocks, defrauded investors of £23,000

Couples Lose Savings and Furniture

SCORES of couples, some newly-wed and others engaged, are victims of the collapse of Kingswood and Marle, furniture dealers, whose main shop was in Oxford Street, London, W.

Most of them had paid for furniture and arranged for it to be stored until their homes were ready.

The remainder had paid deposits, under the impression that the articles they selected would be kept for them until they could take delivery and begin paying by instalments.

* * *

When the firm went into liquidation recently, they were all told that none of their furniture could be traced in store, and that they could merely rank as unsecured creditors.

Cold comfort in any case, but a tragedy when it turns out that there will not be a penny for any of the creditors.

Naturally those who paid for their furniture and arranged for it to be stored are asking why it was not set aside and labelled.

The Receiver appointed by a debenture holder has tried to assist in every way he could. But, since he could not find any articles specified as belonging to various people, he is more or less helpless.

* * *

Nor can the Liquidator do anything. He says it is doubtful whether there will be sufficient assets to pay the debenture holder in full.

This kind of thing has happened before with regard to other cash and hire-purchase firms and it is time that the fullest enquiry was made by the Board of Trade department dealing with companies in liquidation.

Bluntly, the people who paid Kingswood and Marle outright for their furniture have been robbed.

None of the technicalities of the liquidation laws can hide that fact, and all the information I have is being forwarded to the Board of Trade.

Back-Alley Bluffer

"EMBARK on a journey to the land of plenty" is one of the cheery slogans in the literature of The Allied Pools Sharing Society, of 40, Derby Street, Leek, Staffs.

Very tempting—but my representative had to make a journey up a back alley to find their offices!

They consist of two rooms above a butcher's shop, with a staff of three or four youths. Pasted near the letter-box is a strip of paper bearing the name.

Quite different from what you would expect after reading how "our accountant" does this and "superintends" that.

* * *

Then the title "Society" seems odd, because in the Business Names register the only name mentioned is that of Arthur Thorpe, the proprietor.

Members have to pay an entrance fee of 1s. 6d., and contribute 2s. 6d. a week to share in any winnings there may be on 7,290 penny entries in the five big pools.

The "Society" takes 5 per cent. of all winnings and 2½ per cent. is allocated to a reserve fund "which is divided among members at the end of the season."

* * *

About £20 would be required to make the stated entries each week. That sum would be contributed by some 240 members.

Circulars seem to be going out to all parts of the country, and no indication is given of what happens to any money over and above that amount which may be subscribed each week.

Most of the big pools do not now accept entries from syndicates, but Mr. Thorpe counters this with the assurance that "investments are carefully and privately distributed between a number of friends of the proprietor."

My advice is that his circulars should be thrown away.

Special Dossier

You Have Been Warned

GANGS of men, as far apart as London and Manchester, are spoofing people with bogus bath salts, shampoo powder, and tooth paste.

Pretending that the attractive packages are being given away for advertisement, they ask for a shilling or sixpence "for charity."

The "bath salts" are common salt, the "shampoo" a cheap cleaning powder, and the tooth paste gypsum, which is largely sulphate of lime.

At Hornsey, London, N., where two men belonging to one gang were sent to jail, a police chemist said the total value of the three packets was about twopence.

* * *

QUANTITIES of "Joy," a foot ointment, are being unloaded on tradesmen round London by men who say they represent the Surrey Chemical Company, West Croydon.

They promise that if supplies are unsold they will buy back 75 per cent.

There is no Surrey Chemical Company at West Croydon. Other firms with a similar name have no knowledge of the ointment.

* * *

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S HOME FOR DESTITUTES, with headquarters in Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, is another needless charity whose collectors you should turn away.

One of them was recently sent to jail at Stockton for obtaining money by false pretences.

No balance-sheet is published, and expenses eat up most of the money obtained.

* * *

THE "sure-thing" racing tipster who poses as a peddler and about whom I warned readers some time ago, is busy again in London.

He has now become a "commercial traveller," and last week he persuaded a commissionaire and two other members of the staff in a Strand restaurant to trust him with 30s.

There was the usual promise of big odds on their bets.

The tipster's name is Sidney Farndon, and he is wanted in many places.

Football Club Storms

MUCH remains to be done in clearing up the affairs of the Stockport County Football Club.

The Football Association's suspension of a director and the fining of players in other clubs who were alleged to have tried to arrange the result of a match deals with a suspicion that had rankled for a long time.

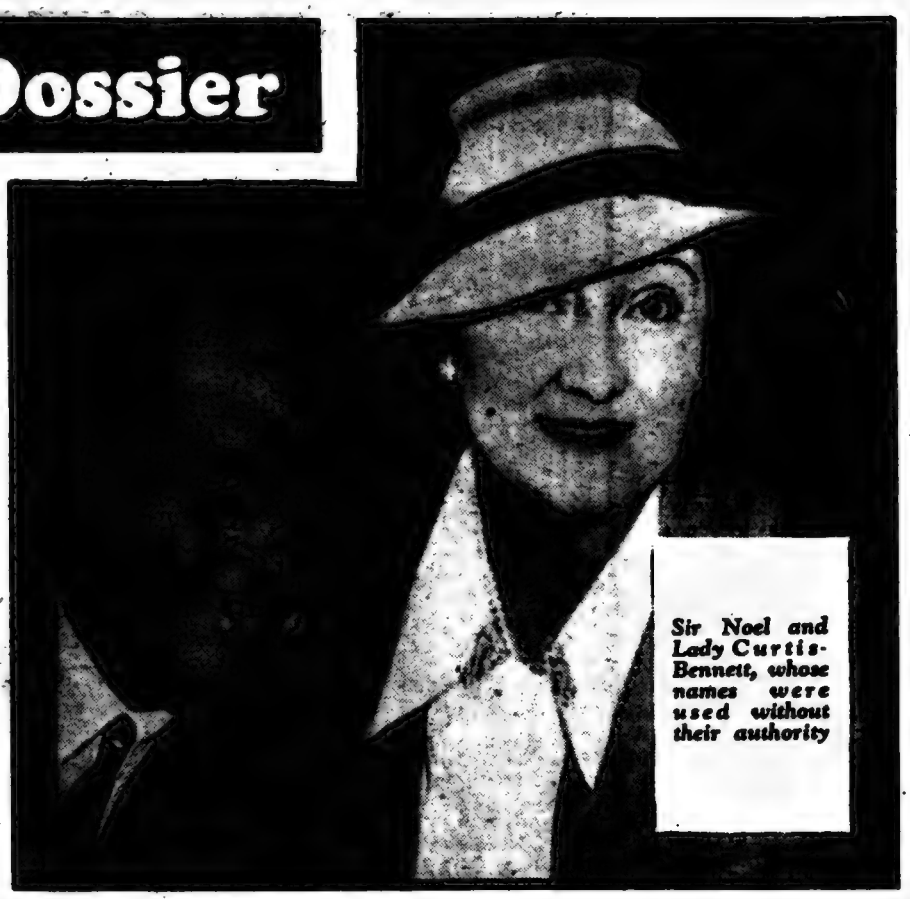
Now the supporters should insist on cleaning up other grievances.

They do not relate to any improper actions but concern the way in which the club is run generally.

Dissatisfaction led to the formation recently of a Shareholders' Association and there were stormy meetings.

It is quite clear that many supporters feel there should be reforms.

Now that the ugly rumours which were being whispered through the town have been disposed of, this organisation should go ahead and secure the tightening up which is so urgently needed.



Sir Noel and Lady Curtis-Bennett, whose names were used without their authority

New Woman Health Crusader Exposed

VAST first-aid services in industrial areas is the divine crusade to which Miss Eileen V. Whorrod, of Trevor Street, Knightsbridge, London, imagines she has been appointed.

Christ, she says, has appeared to her in two visions and bidden her to build her work on "Logos, The Word, The Truth Christ."

So she regards herself as a kind of second Joan of Arc.

That may be—but she might just as well know, without any preamble, that I regard her as a humbug.

Her preposterous scheme, not the first of its kind in which she has dabbled, is dressed with quite illusory importance, and is a snare for people who may be tempted to risk their money and services.

One qualified chemist, appointed as superintendent of a centre she opened in Belton Road, Greenford, Middlesex, has already been impoverished through relying on her promises.

Prominent men and women, shown on letter-headings as patrons of the movement, have written to protest about their names being used.

Various other facts which have come to my notice show that the entire affair must be stamped out at once, so that there will be no chance of others being duped.

It is no social service maintained by public funds and controlled by a responsible committee which this curious woman is trying to launch.

A private company has been formed with authorised capital of £5,000.

Since Miss Whorrod is an undischarged bankrupt she cannot be a director. Therefore she is shown as secretary, but actually she is the leading light in the venture.

The paid-up capital is exactly £2 in £1 shares held by each of the directors, one of whom is Miss Whorrod's brother.

Yet, with this flimsy financial backing the objects of the company are stated to be the formation of first-aid centres and technical and educational establishments in industrial and mining areas, wharves, docks, or other places where such services can conveniently be carried out for the benefit of workers.

When Mr. James Austin, of Greystoke Park Terrace, Ealing, London, the chemist appointed to take charge of the first centre, saw Miss Whorrod, she described huge plans the company had in mind.

A large map was produced showing where first-aid centres and shops were to be opened throughout the country. Mention was also made of 150 acres of land available at Northolt for modern flats.

Mr. Austin started out in the centre at Greenford with high hopes.

They were soon dashed. Difficulties arose over medical supplies, and Mr. Austin received only spasmodic payments on account of salary.

Some weeks he could not obtain a penny, and, in the end, post-dated cheques he was given were returned by the bank.

By the middle of last month he was nearly penniless.

After repeated promises to settle up with him, Miss Whorrod sent a £1 note to him on Christmas Eve!

Meanwhile, he had to pawn some of his belongings to pay his rent. Most of his salary is still unpaid.

When he appealed to well-known people who were shown as patrons, they told him that the concern had no authority to use their names.

Now I find that various creditors are pressing for payment.

So much for Miss Whorrod's Joan of Arc crusade.

The sooner she faces facts and not visions the better it will be for everyone concerned.

Write to "John Bull" About It

Points About Hire Purchase

THE "Hire Purchase Act, 1938," is now in force.

I have already dealt with its advantages, but I should like to remind readers of some of its more important provisions.

Every hire purchase agreement must now state the price at which the goods may be purchased *for cash*.

When one-third of the hire purchase of such goods has been paid, the firm cannot enforce any right to recover possession of the goods from the hirer otherwise than through a court of law.

Where goods are purchased by instalments the transaction is now described as a credit sale agreement.

Here, again, the prospective buyer must also be informed of the price at which the goods may be purchased for cash.

Don't forget the difference between "Hire Purchase" and "Credit Sale Purchase."

In the former case, the ownership of the goods remains with the firm until the last "rent" is paid. In the other case, the ownership passes to the purchaser, in normal circumstances, on delivery.

Public Benefactor

Clues to a remarkable ramp have been furnished by Mr. W. Lane, of Daphron, Saxmundham, Norfolk, who is awarded this week's £1 1s.

When enquiries are completed the disclosures will be interesting.

Every week more readers are helping me in my campaign against tricksters and all kinds of injustices.

Address your letters to me and mark the envelopes: Public Benefactor.

'Ware this Pensions Pest

CALLING himself an inspector from the Ministry of Pensions, a man who has assumed the name "William Williams" is swindling people in various parts of the country.

They are mean frauds, generally for small sums, but in a week he manages to rake in a fairly large amount.

Aged about forty, tall, with greying hair, he changes his name frequently, and robs the people at whose houses he lodges, slipping away without paying anything for rent or board.

From one house he stole a ring worth £15, and elsewhere has persuaded a number of people to change worthless cheques.

He is wanted at places as far apart as Bristol and Darlington, and some of the aliases he uses are George Preston, Arthur Saltney, Frederick Maile and Stephen Mathews.

Open LETTERS

To the Rumour Mongers

FOOLS,—Your alarmist tongues, glib with stories inspired by fear and ignorance, are the most poisonous influence in Britain to-day.

Most of you plump for next month as the date of war's outbreak. Some, a trifle less boldly, think we may survive until mid-March.

Naturally, you dare not reveal the source of your information.

But in hushed voices, and with your empty heads nodding ominously, you continue to spread your lying, crazy, dangerous nonsense.

You claim to know more of the international situation than the Prime Minister.

Herr Hitler's plans, undivulged even to his General Staff, have been entrusted into your unsafe keeping. Signor Mussolini, of course, is your agent.

So you have no doubt that war is coming. A year ago you knew that it would begin in May, 1938. When the Crisis came you pretended that you had predicted it.

Now you are sure that the black dawn is coming, inevitably and terribly, in a few weeks.

You ignore the facts that no Power wants a general European conflict and that, though high affairs are still unsettled, there is a real basis for optimism.

You do not care that your rubbishy tales are more sinister than bayonets. You do not realise that by creating a war neurosis they might help to involve us in war.

I am ashamed that you are my fellow-countrymen. Though I prize our liberty, I think it would be a good thing for democracy if you could be put in the dock and thence taken to your real home—the criminal lunatic asylum.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—If you are willing to put an end to profiteering, you should support those who are prepared to take the initiative in this urgently needed reform.

A Bill presented by Mr. G. S. Woods, M.P., seeks to set up a Consumers' Council and to regulate food and other prices.

At present, your Food Council is like a sentry armed only with a fly-whisk.

It can merely grumble.

So prices continue to rise. In some cases, of course, the increases are justified; in others, it is plain that the public is being held to ransom.

Moreover, on none of the official boards and commissions are the consumers adequately represented.

The buying public is expected to pay the piper, not to call the tune.

The proposed Consumers' Council would change all that.

It would investigate not only the prices, but the supply and distribution of foodstuffs, fuel, clothing materials and wearing apparel.

If its recommendations were not adopted by the interests concerned, then your Department would itself regulate prices.

Such a safeguard is reasonable and necessary. See that we get it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PATRICK O'CONNOR,

Downham, London, S.E.

DEAR O'CONNOR,—Nice of them to give you a medal for trying to save the life of a burning woman. But I guess a job would be more welcome.

You are the kind of man to whom I give unstinted admiration. An unemployed Post Office driver, you are giving a fine start in life to your two motherless sons, both of whom have won scholarships.

To keep down household expenses, you do all the cleaning, cooking, washing and darning yourself.

And it will take more than a medal to recognise your worth.—JOHN BULL.

EXCHANGE OF VIEWS.
APPEASEMENT REACHES ITS ZENITH.

Mr. J. C. LITTLE,

Engineering Union Chief

DEAR SIR,—I'm glad you are not taking "No" for an answer to the engineers' claim for higher wages.

Can the industry afford the cost? Well, in four years profits have more than trebled. To take 297 typical firms in all branches of engineering, they made £53,600,000 gross profits last year, compared with £16,500,000 in 1932.

In short, you have right on your side. Go ahead and win!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,

Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Deplorable that unemployed men had to wait until 3 a.m. for their "dole" at Stowmarket!

An exceptional case, admittedly. But at exchanges all over the country men have regularly to queue up for hours.

Before me, also, is a letter from a man who stood four hours to get public assistance, and was then turned away without a farthing.

For humanity's sake, see that better arrangements are made at exchanges and U.A.B. offices!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P.,

Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Wise spending—that three million pounds granted to the electricity grid for emergency equipment.

But organise for peacetime needs as well. See that the benefits of the grid are made available to the whole country; see that householders are no longer compelled to pay preposterous charges for their current.

In no way can the existence of innumerable small supply companies—with their muddled and wasteful methods—be justified.

Put the whole lot under the management of the Central Electricity Board and you'll make electricity the national blessing it should be!—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,

Essex

GENTLEMEN,—Your county is one of the richest in the land. Your council is one of the most reactionary and short-sighted.

You are making big cuts in hospital services. You are holding up road improvements and school extensions. All, of course, in the sacred interests of false economy.

Then, when you have stopped men from getting work and slowed down social improvement, you will clap yourselves on the back and declare that you have served your people well.

Instead, you will have harmed not only Essex, but the whole country. But I doubt if you'll ever see it.—JOHN BULL.

Miss CATHERINE FLETCHER,

Lecturer on Education

DEAR MADAM,—Your idea is the best yet produced by the New Year—one that should begin a new era in education.

Under your scheme, schoolchildren in London's East End are having "lessons" from dustmen, postmen, sewermen, butchers, park-keepers, bakers and others.

Thus the children are brought into contact with everyday life instead of concentrating on "bookish" learning.

Fine! But I think those impromptu teachers would be even more useful in certain public schools I know than in the elementary schools of London's poorest quarter.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. R. MACDONALD,

Hull Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—You dare to suggest that Hull fishermen can be excused for taking a few drinks "when they come ashore after being at Bear Island, working up to their waists in icy water, with sores all over their hands—all for about two pounds a week."

I agree. And I dare say you'll agree with me that if the smug critics of the trawlermen had a fortnight on the trawlers we should hear a very different kind of complaint from them.—JOHN BULL.

Crime Web Spun in Underworld Dens

BIG GUN-RUNNING PLOT EXPOSED

FOR weeks JOHN BULL investigators have been delving into the ramifications of a dangerous gang of criminals involved in impudent gun-running schemes.

Complex clues, followed up in different parts of the country, have provided links with some of the most notorious adventurers in the underworld. Strange haunts in London, Brussels and Paris have come under observation.

Some of the ringleaders work from behind the scenes, but chief of the "surface" crooks is a man who has a startling police record and who is known to his associates as "Jimmy Hales."

Hales has a charming and active decoy—a brunette who has been in the habit of making constant trips to the Continent.

She has been associated with several gun-running deals during the past two or three years, and is the widow of a Chinese.

Chief Bluffer

MOSTLY THEIR PLANS HAVE BEEN LAID AT AN OFFICE NEAR BAKER STREET, LONDON, AND IN DRINKING DENS, WHERE AN ELABORATE MASQUERADE HAS BEEN BUILT UP TO BACK THE PRETENCE THAT THEY WERE ENGAGED IN BIG ARMS DEALS WITH CHINA.

Much of the bluffing has been done by Hales, who is a man of likeable personality, with convictions for all kinds of offences.

At one time or another he has been closely associated with some of the biggest people in dubious gun-running schemes.

Apart from the woman, and a number of other people whom we shall later name, he is often to be seen in the company of a crook who was, until recently, bodyguard and valet to a man whose gun-running operations have constantly come under the notice of Scotland Yard.

Complaints were lodged by many people who were induced to part with thousands of pounds in supposed "arms deals" with Spain and China.

"Jimmy Hales" is always well dressed and is perfectly at ease in the big hotels he frequents in London and on the Continent.

Only recently he was in Paris—ostensibly in connection with a secret scheme for the sale of guns to a foreign Power.

He confided on his return that the mission was really all bluff.

Letters and telegrams he had sent to London from the French capital were only fictitious "evidence" to support his claims.

The place where the schemers have been meeting is frequented by all types of undesirable people.

Shadowed

Until recently one of Hales' associates was James Carmichael Christie, ex-Colonel, who has been involved in several gun-running enterprises.

He, too, has spent much time on the Continent recently, and only a month or two back was trying to extract further money from a dupe to whom he 'phoned from Dunkirk.

One of our investigators, keeping Christie under observation, followed him to one of the drinking places a few nights ago, and saw him in discussion with other of Hales' associates.

Originally Christie was an officer in the British Army, but lost his rank after he was sent to prison in China for gun-running offences.

He has had large sums of money from people who supported him financially in the hope of securing a rich return from the sale of armaments.

Jailbird

Not many months before Christie renewed his acquaintance with Hales last summer he was in prison for fraud.

He was sentenced to twelve months for duping women with a story that he was shortly to receive "big money" for the part he had played in an arms deal with China. He also told victims that his visits to France were concerned with secret arms deals with Spain.

In one case he estimated his profits—to be shared among backers, of course—at £100,000. But it all fell through—just as the recent "deals" of Hales and his associates have done.

Hales and his gang have told the most picturesque and convincing stories.

One concerns his alleged business relationship with a nobleman, well known in London and on the Continent.

In the course of our investigations we have heard a lot about a letter of credit which was drawn, it is said, for nearly £30,000.

It was not discounted, although the charming widow was concerned in trying to help Hales to raise finance on its face "value."

Hales never loses an opportunity of imposing on anyone with whom he becomes associated, and anything to do with gun-running has a great fascination for him.

Cunning Plans

While he was waiting for cunningly laid plans to develop in his latest gun-running conspiracy, he tried to bring off a big deal in wine.

He hoped to bluff a Continental firm into supplying a large consignment on credit.

The idea came to him when he met a man in this country who is engaged in the wine trade.

His nimble mind quickly realised how useful this man's name would be if he could persuade him to join him in the deal on a commission basis.

After exerting all his charm to convey the impression that he had valuable business connections, Hales suggested that the wine traveller should assure the Continental suppliers that they could safely supply a large quantity of wine to Hales' account on credit.

The traveller at first agreed, but at the last moment he grew suspicious.

Discoveries he made convinced him that Hales was not the sort of man to do business with.

Another remarkable story being looked into by our investigators concerns a visit paid by this versatile crook to a printer in North-west London.

About two years ago he figured in a proposed expedition to Tahiti, in the South Seas, to search for pearls.

It was originally promoted by three men, two of whom had been to jail.

A schooner called the *Six Sisters* was chartered and the proposed expedition received considerable publicity.

Very soon the boat became notorious in police and seafaring circles.

People were persuaded to invest money in the venture and there were some strange happenings before the idea was abandoned.

Customs officers and detectives from Scotland Yard, discovering that the captain had been concerned in both gun-running and rum-running, constantly raided the ship in the belief that he was intending to do the same sort of thing again.

Raided Ship

Finally, after several delays, and trouble about supplies, the promoters decided to sail.

The *Six Sisters* managed to reach Ostend after what was described as "a nightmare voyage," but soon it was back at Great Yarmouth.

The local lifeboat had to be sent out in heavy seas to help in bringing the schooner back to port.

Hales arrived on the vessel when it was at New Holland, in Lincolnshire.

He had made the acquaintance of a girl in London, and he brought her down with him.

As the result of what occurred during the following week the police intervened, and more notoriety ensued.

Recently he himself appeared as a witness in a fraud prosecution at Reading Assizes. The man in the dock, whom Hales had the audacity to "speak for," was another crook named Robert Balshaw, who has a long prison record.

Criminal Gang

In view of his own criminal career, Hales was discredited as a witness and Balshaw sent to jail for eighteen months.

What a coterie of criminals!

Only a few days ago Hales calmly confessed to a friend that he had bought some special parchment, for the purpose of drawing up a document he proposed to use in a fresh arms scheme.

JOHN BULL's investigators know that Scotland Yard is interested in the latest activities of Hales and his associates, and, since we do not deem it prudent to publish all the information we have gathered, it is being handed over to the police for their consideration.

This gang of adventurers is clearly a danger to the public.

Frequently raided by the police, the schooner "Six Sisters" has figured in many of Hales' strange exploits

ELLEN LIKES A SCRAP!

WHENEVER I meet Ellen Wilkinson, she is either just going somewhere or she has just come back—Spain, Germany, Paris, India, the United States.

The world is her parish. Her constituents are all humanity.

She is living dynamite—only a few inches of it, but always going off in the right places. There is, indeed, no woman in the whole of Britain who is more active, more persistent and more annoying.

She annoys at times even her own Party. The more respectable part of it, I mean, for her methods, unusual and provocative, have been officially censured. What does she care?

When, at the Labour Party Conference at Edinburgh, she announced that she was leading a march of the workers from Jarrow, her Tyneside seat, she was accused of seeking publicity.

Ellen, for a moment, cried. But she led the march all the way from Jarrow to London, walking with the men every foot of the long journey.

I met her at Leicester, perhaps halfway. Rigid Officialdom at Labour headquarters may have frowned upon the project—but there was Ellen, still marching, foot-sore but still eager.

NEARLY every mayor had met the men. A bishop had shown his sympathy. Vicars had helped. Everywhere, Ellen had roused enthusiasm—among all Parties, too!

She brought her men to London because there were 80 per cent. unemployed in a dead town, a town doomed, apparently, to perpetual despair because Rationalisation had closed down the steelworks and stopped the shipyards.

In London, the Prime Minister would not see the men But Ellen won. Today, because of her brave pilgrimage, thousands bless her name.

Then once, when Ramsay was head of the National Government, Ellen scared him.

He was stopping in his Seaham Division. Ellen, with her workless, was at Jarrow. She went with 400 unemployed, all those for whom fares could be found, and then marched them from the station to beard Ramsay in his den.

"I will not see her," said the Premier.

"Oh, yes, he will," said Ellen.

She saw him!

When Dmitrov languished in a German prison, victim of the Nazis, Ellen rushed off, comforted the widow, challenged Authority, demanded Justice.

When things looked black in India, Ellen went off with two comrades, travelling third class, going right across the vast peninsular in the cheapest carriages, sleeping in the same quarters as the natives, learning, at first hand, what was going on. She came back to debate the India Bill with first-hand knowledge.

REGULARLY, she goes to Paris, meeting men and women from all the stricken lands.

Time after time she has been to Spain. She was, indeed, almost the first British person to go after Franco had broken his oath and landed with Moorish mercenaries, hoping to destroy the young republic, one of the hopes of Democracy.

I heard of her in Madrid when I was there. They spoke of her in Valencia. They knew her in Barcelona.

She had organised relief. She had sent food. She had pleaded for funds right across Britain.

You cannot stop Ellen. She cannot even stop herself. She is one of the best writers on the Labour side. She is one of the most effective speakers.

She, more than almost anybody, has drive and push and determination.

Who but she could have taken the Duchess of Atholl to Spain and brought her back the "Red" Duchess?

Who but Ellen could have got through Parliament, on her own, a private Bill lessening the cruelty of the way in which the poor were being exploited by unscrupulous hire-purchase firms?

She got the better firms on her side. She made an impassioned appeal to Parliament, and, when her Bill was through, she won the applause of every section of the House.

CERTAINLY, she has "a way with her." I had all sorts of views upon the Sunday opening of cinemas until, in the House one day, I heard Ellen speak.

Sir John Simon had delivered what the papers said next day was the speech of a great Parliamentarian. As I heard it it was merely a rather dull review of the history of Parliament's attitude towards Sunday amusements. What the Stone Age had to do with the twentieth century I did not know.

Then up stood Ellen. The previous night, a Sunday, had been the wettest night I had known for years. Ellen painted the picture of a working-class family huddled together in some poor kitchen that night, nowhere to go, nothing to do.

That was the human side of a problem. It is the side that Ellen understands.

When, in Hollywood, film stars, headed by Fredric March, Luise Rainer and Franchot Tone, formed a committee "to help the little victims of Fascist aggression in Spain," it was Ellen Wilkinson whom they cabled in the House of Commons.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

Wherever there is a cause that needs urgent assistance, there is Ellen Wilkinson

Even as far away as that people knew that Ellen was the one who would do the job.

She was born in a Manchester slum, one of her parents being a Liberal and the other a Conservative. But that did not stop Ellen. She saw, all around her, poverty and grim tragedy. And she decided to devote the rest of her life to making things easier for the great mass of the people.

It was John Jagger, M.P., chief organiser of "Nudaw," or the National Union of Distributive Workers, who, years ago, told me that, of all the trade union organisers he had ever known, "I take off my hat to Ellen."

She had been one of his assistants.

"Whenever there was trouble anywhere in one of our districts," he said, "I would always send Ellen if I could. She could organise better than anybody. She got right on the job. And, soon, the trouble was over."

Then he told me a story which will prove to you how vital a person is Ellen.

On the day after she was first elected to Parliament, a young man called on Jagger and said, "I want to see Miss Ellen Wilkinson."

"What do you want her for?" asked John. "She's busy."

"I want to be her publicity agent," said the youth.

"Young man," replied John, "you should hire Ellen Wilkinson as *your* publicity agent. Soon you would be the best-known publicity agent in the world."

Mind you, Ellen does not seek publicity. Automatically, she gets it. The way to get known is to go and do something.

And, wherever there is trouble, there is Ellen. Wherever there is a cause that needs urgent assistance, there is Ellen. She goes along with her red hair and her fewness of inches, and speaks and works and organises.

"Oh, she is too much on the Left," sometimes complains Officialdom.

Ellen does not care if it is on the Right or the Left or in the Middle, whether it is Aneurin Bevan, who goes naughtily Left at times, or the Duchess of Atholl, who is a Diehard, or Eleanor Rathbone, who is right in the centre.

Women M.P.s generally have not been a great success. They have had brains. They have had conviction. But few of them fit in with Parliament.

Well, nor does Ellen. She makes Parliament fit in with her.

She has had rows with the Speaker. She has had rows with Premier after Premier. Very naturally, she has had rows with Nancy Astor.

BUT Ellen has never had a row with herself. For she knows exactly where she stands. And there she will always stand, except that she is always moving about.

You must, whatever are your politics, admire a woman whose whole life is spent in a passionate plea for amelioration.

Ellen lives in a small flat in Bloomsbury, and there you meet people from all over the world—Chinese, Germans, Spaniards, Jews, Negroes—people of all colours and all creeds, yes, and all shades of opinions. They are all the same to her.

Often, till late in the night, inspired by Ellen, they plan schemes for that new world which, because of enthusiasm and faith like hers, must, in spite of Fascism and Bossdom and Vested Interests, soon come into being.

Get Ready to Fight for A NEW MAGNA CARTA!

The day is not far distant when every young man and woman in the country will have at least the opportunity to seize the privilege that belongs to these Oxford students—the privilege of a University education.

IT may not be long before we shall say goodbye to the stupid snobbery which has ruled our schools almost since they began.

It won't be an easy farewell. There will be hard words and bitter laments from the Diehards.

But we have got to be stern if we are to win for the youth of this country a revolution in our system of education that will bring them fuller, happier, saner lives.

The parting of the ways began in the last week of the Old Year with the publication of the Spens Report on Secondary Education.

Will Spens, Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, from whom the report takes its name, was knighted for his public work in the New Year Honours List.

The findings of the committee of which he was chairman are very much more than a document issued by the Stationery Office for 3s. 6d.; much more than a five-hundred-page booklet which emerges after five years' deliberation.

They mark a momentous change in our ideas; the end of the feudal system in our schools; the sweeping away of that fetish "social caste" which has handicapped this nation for centuries.

If the report is adopted—and it must be adopted, no matter how the Diehards clamour about the cost of such reforms—this year will witness a victory for democracy nearly as great as the Magna Carta.

WHAT then are the reforms which the Spens Report envisages?

The most obvious is a new conception of education, and among other things, Secondary Education For All.

Not the old secondary education, which is out of touch with the affairs of the outside world and is weighted down with bookishness and examination pedantry; but a "real" education which is vital and worth-while.

And the poor man's son will no longer be made to feel that he is inferior to the rich man's.

At last we have begun to realise that we cannot afford to sacrifice genuine ability in order to retain our ancient snobbery and "class."

We cannot risk leaving the destiny of the nation in the hands of men and women who have the privilege of being "county."

The new ideals are propounded with a clearness that cannot be misunderstood. The business of carrying them into effect will be the task of the governments of the next few years.

There will be violent objections and obstructions; the Diehards will rage and fume.

But, after all, the people of the country can elect the government they want, and they will want the sort of government which will translate these proposals into reality. It will be *our* business.

Only a short time ago the former Head Master of Harrow compared our education system to the army.

The boys in the public schools represented the commissioned officers; those in the secondary schools were the N.C.O.s; and the millions in the elementary schools were the well-disciplined and obedient Tommies.

That sort of thinking will soon belong to the past. We shall hear no more of the "elementary" schools.

Children under eleven will all have "primary" education; children over eleven will be in "secondary" schools of one kind or another.

And all secondary schools will be on an equal footing and working under one code.

As soon as the country can afford it all school fees will be abolished. The school to which a boy or girl is sent will depend upon ability, and not upon the depth of the parental purse.

THERE will be no temptation to send children to a grammar school because it sounds "superior," nor to send them into the over-crowded black-coat professions because it seems socially more impressive.

According to the Spens Report there will be three types of secondary school, as follows:—

(1) Grammar Schools.—These are intended mainly for those who will go on into the universities and thence into one of the professions. They will no longer be used as a stepping-stone into the world of industry or commerce.

An examination like the Matriculation will cease to be a condition of getting a job in an office or store.

The work done will be more academic than in the other two kinds of schools, but it will be very different from that done at the present time.

It will be based upon activities rather than upon loading the brain with masses of useless facts.

(2) Modern Schools.—These are intended to give a general education up to the age of 16, but during the last two years there will be deliberate preparation for after-life. Boys and girls who intend going into business will be taught shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, commercial practice, and a foreign language.

(3) Technical High Schools.—These will be used by pupils who are not keen on bookish subjects like Roman history or Greek literature, but want to use their hands and eyes as well as their brains.

Science will be the keystone of this type of school, and boys will pass from here into technical colleges for training as engineers, electricians, chemists, physicists, agriculturists, and the like.

This is a new sort of school entirely, and it will be considered equal in every way to the Grammar School.

Our country is lamentably short of technically skilled workers. The totalitarian states have left us far behind in technological training.

We are beginning to realise that we live in a machine age, and that we cannot allow all our best brains to go to the old universities merely to gain social prestige.

This "scotching" of snobbery in school days will have its effect in later years. The importance of such a change cannot be exaggerated.

At the present time the master in a senior school often teaches twice as many pupils as a master in a secondary school; and he does it for a smaller salary. Moreover, he is made to feel his inferiority.

This anomaly will also be ended. There will be equal classes in all types of schools.

Teachers with university degrees will get more money than the non-graduates, but both kinds of teachers will be found in every type of school.

There are a great many other encouraging ideas in the Spens Report, and it is impossible to do more than hint at a few of them. For example:—

Examinations will "follow the school" instead of dictating its curriculum.

The treatment of arithmetic will be revolutionised. The subject will absorb much less time than at the present day.

Our mother-tongue will be regarded as of immense importance. Pupils will be trained to write and speak English as it deserves.

OPPORTUNITY will be given for the expression of opinions and for argument.

All schools will have a sound general education as a foundation before specialising begins.

The training of the brain to reason and memorise is only a small part of education. Physical training is indispensable.

Handwork will be included as an integral part of all school work.

And there is much more. The whole Report is alive with vital ideas and new suggestions, which it is imperative that we should adopt.

Early in the New Year they will be coming before Parliament. That's the chance for which you've been waiting.

See that the proposals of the Spens Report are carried out. It's your duty to the generation who will be the men and women of to-morrow.

"Greatest of These . . ."

He needs your help!

THOUSANDS of homes in which families have had their hopes for the New Year shattered by unemployment need your help.

Many of these "homes" are unworthy of the name, but are the only shelters their unhappy occupants can afford.

Here is a case which calls aloud for practical sympathy.

Mr. E. Scrutton has been unable to work for a long time owing to a septic hand, and for the past twelve months he has been under the doctor.

He has a family of five children under twelve, and his wife has been ill since February.

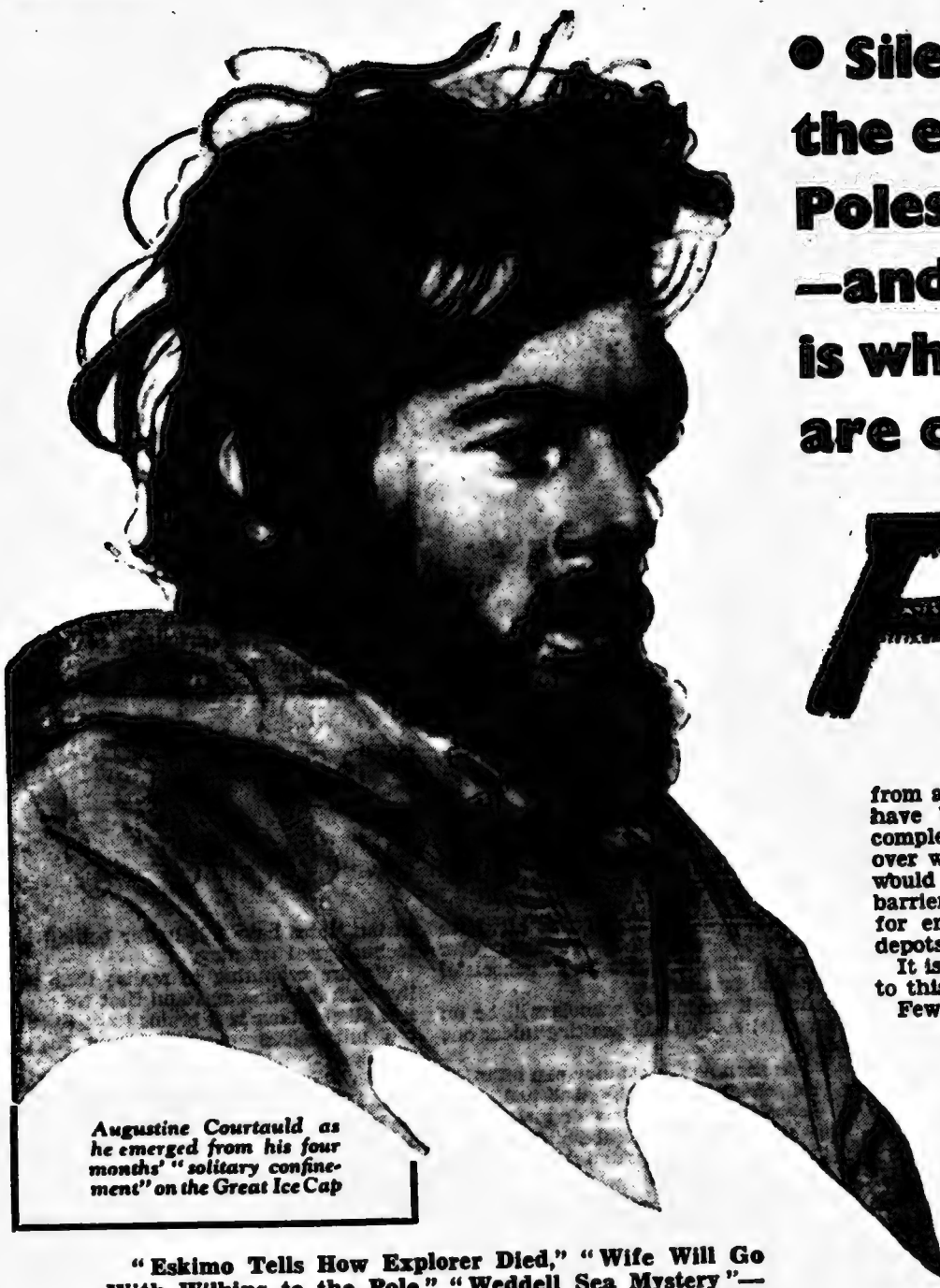
The rent is in arrears, and how to provide boots and clothing for the children is a perpetual problem.

The doctor in attendance tells us that the family well merits assistance.

Will you try to aid them?

If you can, please send your donation to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.



Augustine Courtauld as he emerged from his four months' "solitary confinement" on the Great Ice Cap

• Silent and mysterious, the eternal snows of the Poles hide many secrets —and vast wealth. That is why to-day brave men are questing deep into—

FROZEN HEL

"Eskimo Tells How Explorer Died," "Wife Will Go With Wilkins to the Pole," "Weddell Sea Mystery"—headlines such as these have shown in the past few days that men are still answering the challenge of the Poles.

Here we tell you of some daring expeditions which, even as you read, are facing hardship and peril.

For what? We tell you that, too . . .

"For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. . . ."

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago next week, on January 17, 1912, Scott and his companions reached the South Pole and began that hopeless journey back across the Antarctic wastes, which was to end with the finding of their dead bodies and the diary from which those words have been taken.

To-day, it is worth while to remember ventures like Scott's expedition, which have been undertaken not for the greater glory of some single race, but of all humanity.

For, even though it may not always reach the headlines or assume the dimensions of an epic tale, the work of Polar explorers still goes on.

At this moment there is a group of young British explorers lost somewhere in the Arctic night of Northern Baffin Land.

They call themselves the British Canadian Arctic Expedition.

Since 1936 they have been manhandling sleds and instruments over the unknown area which lies about 200 miles within the Arctic Circle.

Already they have trekked across more than 3,000 miles of new territory, including a previously unknown mountain range.

When they return, in 1940, they will bring back the first accurate maps of that remote land through which, men once believed, led the North-West Passage, the fabled route to the East.

But one of them will not return.

A few weeks ago a lone Eskimo brought news to a Hudson Bay settlement that Reynold Bray, a scientist with the expedition, had been drowned when his "kayak," or Eskimo canoe, had been crushed in the ice-floes off the coast of Baffin Land.

BRAY has gone to join Franklin, Hudson, and the others who died for the dream of a North-West Passage.

But that is a dream no longer.

Though ships will never force a sea-route across the frozen top of the world, the aeroplane will find a way.

Like the British Arctic Air Route Expedition of 1931—whose leader, "Gino" Watkins, was also drowned from a kayak—Bray and his friends have been engaged on making a complete weather survey of the areas over which the projected air routes would pass, charting mountain barriers, and marking suitable sites for emergency landing grounds or depots.

It is work of profound importance to this country.

Few people realise that from November till April the Arctic skies are clear of fog, and that at flying heights the prevailing winds are steady and do not always blow with the hurricane force of the ground level.

In fact, a route *via* Scotland and Greenland to Canada and the West may be far safer in winter than the North Atlantic route.

Other countries have recognised that point before us.

Colonel Lindbergh has covered the route for Pan-American Airways, and the same concern offered £500 towards the cost of Watkins' expedition.

But these young men have not gone out to these unknown wastes of ice and snow simply as the agents of any air enterprise, however great.

They go to these empty spaces because they like it, because "the game's the thing."

IF you ask them what good is achieved by risking their lives and submitting their bodies to the unending strains of Polar exploration, they do not point to nice new maps or notebooks crammed with scientific data.

To them the fruits of their expeditions are incidental.

Let the world make what use it likes of this new information.

If they speak about their reasons at all, they might do it in the words of that other passage in Scott's diary: "How much better this has been, than lounging in too great comfort at home."

That is the spirit which led the first men to leave the sanctuary of the tribe and know the world about them.

During the Oxford University Arctic Expedition of 1935-36, a party of young men went to North-East Land, an island off the coast of Spitzbergen.

Their object was to get weather and wireless data during the winter. But it is quite impossible to exist on the surface of this ice plateau during the winter.

On one occasion, and for days at a time, the Polar blizzard blew at 130 miles an hour! It blew the wind vanes off the recording instruments. And the temperature during weeks of winter darkness dropped to 40 degrees below zero.

In Britain we have just had one of the coldest Decembers on record.

And the temperature barely dropped below zero for a few days only, and the wind never rose above 30 miles an hour!

Such conditions as obtain in the North-East Land winter are inconceivable to us and are, of course, beyond the limits of human endurance.

But the work had to be carried out and so the expedition did something which had only been attempted once before—by a German party, all of whom died in the attempt.

They burrowed down into the ice to make their winter quarters.

First they dug a deep hole into which they sunk their tent. A tunnel led out from the floor to the snow surface outside.

Side galleries cut through the ice held all their food, fuel and lighting supplies. Ventilation was through stove pipe arrangements which led to the surface.

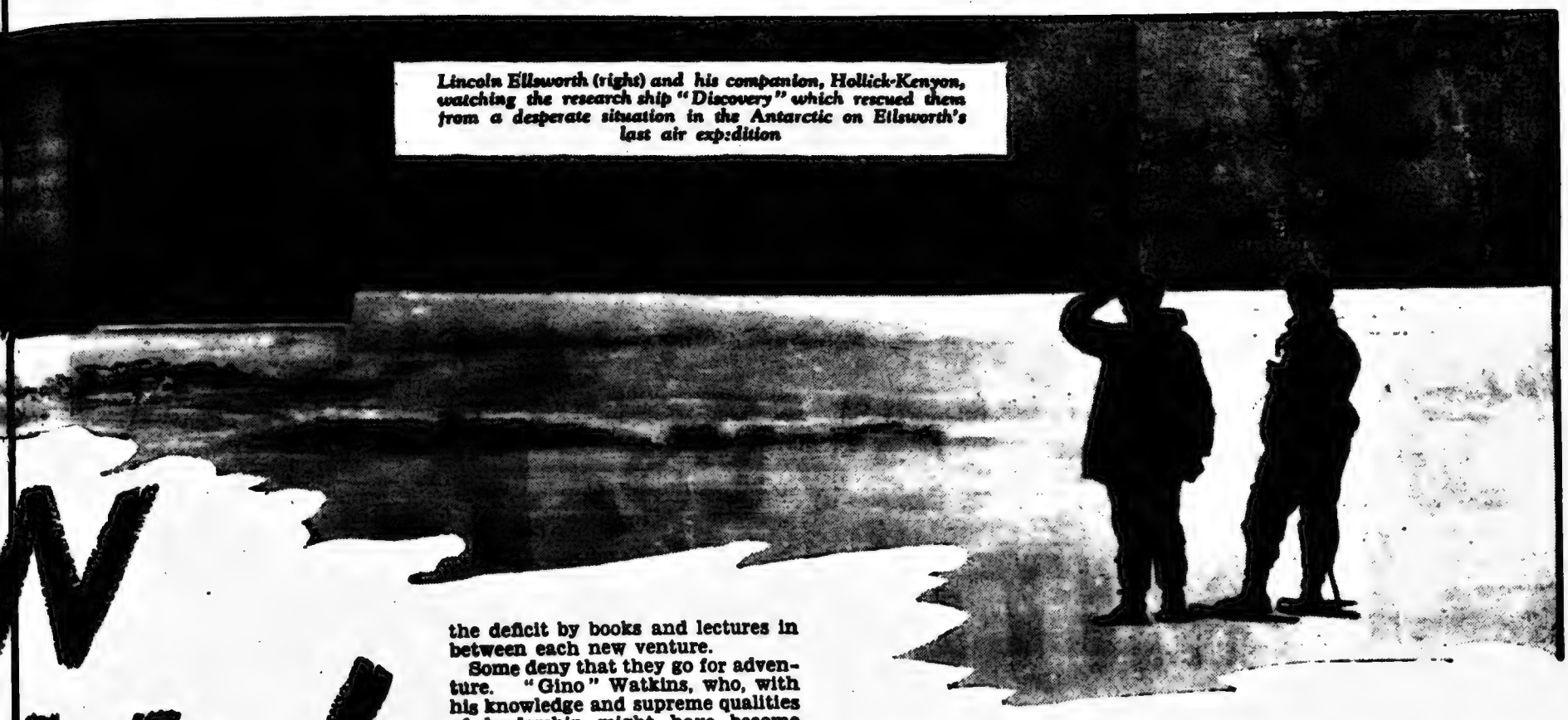
When their home was completed, the winter blizzards came and covered the country in one level field of snow.

Three observers lived for many weeks at a time in these ice tombs, relieved at intervals by others from the shore base.

EVERY day and night—though night and day are the same in Arctic winter—they made their trips through the outlet tunnel to clear the trap-door on the surface, make their regular observations, and take readings from the recording instruments.

This existence went on for nearly ten months.

They found it surprisingly warm in their ice burrow. When the cooking stove was on the temperature rose to as much as 80 degrees.



Lincoln Ellsworth (right) and his companion, Hollick-Kenyon, watching the research ship "Discovery" which rescued them from a desperate situation in the Antarctic on Ellsworth's last air exp:dition

...ALL!

They fed sometimes clad only in their trousers, while a few feet overhead raged icy blizzards which would kill any living thing.

They had some luxuries, too—a wireless set, for instance, which brought dance music from London to their hole in the Arctic ice.

But after a while they ceased to listen. This cave existence, with the Polar wind howling outside, eating, sleeping, reading to each other, the daily routine of changing to go to the surface instruments, the record-keeping, became the only life, and London with its dance bands and traffic became something remote and only vaguely interesting.

It may seem strange that men can extract something profoundly satisfying out of a life which has a minimum of comfort and which has fear as a daily companion.

But these Polar explorers find it so. For after one expedition they want to return again and again to the wastes of ice.

They say sometimes by way of explanation, "Well—the snow gets you."

WHAT gets them perhaps is the knowledge once gained that a man with his own brains and hands can beat the worst that Nature can send against him.

They certainly do not go for the money to be got out of Polar exploration.

For, months before an expedition starts, the leaders go round begging for enough money to cover transport, instruments and food supplies. There is nothing left over to pay fat salaries.

The Oxford Expedition got together £4,000, which was barely sufficient to transport a dozen men nearly 1,000 miles and provide them with food, clothing and equipment for more than a year.

There was nothing left over for salaries.

Most expeditions end in debt, in spite of the fact that grants are made and valuable instruments are loaned by people like the Royal Geographical Society.

Usually the leaders try to make up the deficit by books and lectures in between each new venture.

Some deny that they go for adventure. "Gino" Watkins, who, with his knowledge and supreme qualities of leadership might have become Britain's greatest explorer, once said that on "a well-run expedition there should be *no* adventures."

Augustine Courtauld, of the wealthy silk family, underwent voluntarily an experience which must have been more trying and hazardous than that suffered by the men of the Oxford Expedition.

In the winter of 1930-31, during the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, he stayed *alone* in a hut buried under the great Ice Cap in Northern Greenland for four months while he made essential observations.

He volunteered to do so because weather difficulties would have prevented enough food for two people being transported.

MANY Arctic explorers have spoken of the unnerving silence of the frozen hell of the Poles. And they have had companions.

Courtauld went through it alone. Once, buried feet deep in his ice hut, with only the feeble glimmer of a tallow wick for light, he heard one of the most eerie, terrifying sounds which can ever fall upon the human ear.

From far off came a noise like a vast tube train racing towards him through a tunnel.

The roar became deafening, then exploded in one colossal crash over his head. Then again the deathly silence.

Arctic travellers call this noise the "fahnstoss." It is the sound made underground by vast leagues of snow settling in frozen stillness.

There is only one sound in the world as awful. It is the sound a tree makes when it bursts asunder in some extreme frost of the Northern night.

Both are the voices of cold. They move the human soul in some obscure, searing way, so that once heard they can never be forgotten.

And Courtauld heard the sound of the snow alone. He must have felt like the last man left on earth.

YET he has gone back again to the Arctic—as they all go—drawn to the frozen solitudes of the North or South.

Lincoln Ellsworth, the American, is, at fifty-eight, going on his seventh Polar venture.

Five years ago his aeroplane crashed in Antarctic wastes hundreds of miles away from the shore base.

For weeks there was silence while rescue parties went out in search of him.

Lincoln Ellsworth is a wealthy man, who can buy any comfort that he can reasonably want. And you might have thought that one such experience would be enough.

But a few months ago he set off again for the Far South. This time with Sir Hubert Wilkins, another veteran Polar explorer.

They gave no cocktail parties to announce their departure. They left almost secretly in a Polar ship, the *Wyatt Earp*, chartered with Ellsworth's money.

By now they are in Enderby Land, a vast Antarctic territory which is unknown except for the coastal regions.

A few hundred miles round the quadrant, near the British-discovered Weddell Sea, which an American professor has recently said does not exist, is John Rymill and his party of young Britons. They have been there since 1936.

They are in British Graham Land, and with special air surveys and sled journeys have added many thousands of miles to the map.

They will be there until the end of this year to complete the survey.

And at this moment they may be feeding on seal meat, caught in that "non-existent" sea.

THERE are at least another half dozen other expeditions like these in the North and the South which get no headlines because the men who serve them are fonder of their job than of advertisement.

But what good does it do? Why do organisations like the Polar Institute at Cambridge and the Royal Geographical Society exist?

They do not run a complex machine for supplying information and training explorers just to get a few new wavy lines on a map.

And Scott, Shackleton, Mawson, Wilkins, Amundsen, Rymill, Courtauld and all those others living and dead—what are the fruits of their labours to the rest of us?

We can sum them up briefly.

Up to about 1890 the Arctic regions were believed to be a barren sheet of ice for the greater part of the year.

They were unknown and believed to support only a few Eskimos, who fished and hunted in the summer, then lived in igloos during the winter.

But now, thanks to Stefansson and his many successors, we know of whole areas as big as Europe which are called the "friendly Arctic."

Young scientist explorers have plotted the life cycle of mosses and other cattle foods which grow there during the twenty-four-hour days of the summer.

These "inhospitable" regions support millions of head of reindeer, which could feed the beef markets of Northern Europe.

The meat could be transported at less cost and risk to this country than beef from the Argentine.

To-day, Aberdeen trawlers are bringing fish from the same coasts where these vast herds roam.

Across the top of the world the air routes will run from Britain to the East and the remote West during the next year or two.

The globe is shaped like an orange. It is a shorter distance round the top than down and round the middle.

AND those safer, quicker air routes will be possible because of the work of "Gino" Watkins, his forerunners and successors, who have plotted nearly every square mile of the air regions above the routes, and who have pioneered for emergency landing-grounds and station sites.

The Antarctic is also known as a great storehouse of mineral and animal wealth. Because of the explorers, whaling ships now work down to the fringes of the Continent.

More than £8,000,000 of whale products have been taken out of the Antarctic in the past few years.

On the great land masses, after the reports of men like Harold June, who was chief-of-staff to the Byrd Expedition, geologists are now delving for oil, coal, gold, radium and other minerals.

The old inhabited portions of the earth have been dug and scratched over from end to end. But these virgin, frozen lands remain with their vast hidden wealth almost untouched.

The explorers, however, do not bother much about such matters. They are concerned only with *knowledge* about the unknown places of this earth, with "idle dreams" like the far Poles and the North West Passage.

But they blaze a trail. And where they go the workaday world, fighting, eating, working, buying and selling, soon follows.

Stanley Bishop

tells you about the vast racket that might be called

"CAR THIEVES, LIMITED"

Police checking up on motorists in their ceaseless hunt for stolen cars

MORE than £260,000 of *your* money was spent last year on recovering stolen cars.

Fifteen thousand cars were reported missing—7,000 from London alone. Of that total 13,000 were traced at a cost to police funds, and therefore your pocket, of £20 each.

The remaining 2,000 were never found. Repainted, their bodies and engine numbers changed, and equipped with forged registration books, they were sold either in this country or abroad.

For a long time car stealing has been one of the underworld's biggest and most profitable rackets, but the figures I have just quoted reveal an astonishing growth in this form of crime.

Car thieves can be split into three distinct grades:

Organised gangs, who are in the racket for the money they can make out of it.

Crooks, who take cars for use in smash and grab raids and burglaries.

"Joy-riders," who borrow cars for adventure or to impress young women.

Crooks' Parade No. 4

When a car is reported missing its description is circulated by wireless to all police patrols within the district where the theft has been committed.

Later, another description is broadcast to police forces throughout the country.

Should the car be recovered a "found" message is sent out immediately.

Otherwise the rightful owner might meet unpleasant interrogation.

He can be stopped by any police officer and asked to explain how he happens to be driving a car reported as stolen.

That happens frequently, but it is hoped that it will be obviated by a speeding up in the despatch of "found" messages.

All this costs money—your money.

Owners of cars have to pay too, of course, and even more heavily.

Almost every car which is taken for "joy-riding" and then discarded is damaged in some way.

To make good this damage, insurance companies foot a bill of approximately £130,000 a year.

And also there is the loss, which cannot be estimated, of the business man whose time is wasted because he has been deprived of a quick and convenient form of transport.

Normally an insurance company will wait—quite properly—about three weeks before paying out a complete loss claim for a stolen car. During that interval the owner has to make shift as best he can.

Recently a man whose car was stolen in London received from his insurance company—after the fixed period of waiting—£230 "agreed value" for his lost vehicle. A week later the stolen car was recovered in the North of England.

By then the man had bought another car second-hand for £200.

The insurance company had the stolen car left on their hands, and the best price they could get for it was £140.

So you see how, in many and rather involved ways, the bill for car thefts adds up to a huge total every year.

Not long ago our police were priding themselves that they had stopped car stealing as a business.

But now they are realising that crooks have found new ways of defeating the safeguards they have created.

"Car Thieves, Ltd," is quite a fair description of one of the big organisations working the stolen car market.

It runs its affairs on the same lines as any large firm of car dealers. It employs expert thieves; has garages where cars are altered in appearance; selling offices, and even export agents working on commission.

I am told there are at least two small printing works where motor-car log-books and road licences are fabricated and forged.

Without a log-book a stolen car cannot be sold in the ordinary way.

But with a bogus log-book and a cleverly faked road licence a car can easily be sold at an auction sale room, or through recognised trade channels.

And, if the car has been carefully disguised, there is little chance of the theft being detected until the time for the next re-registration comes along. That may be up to eleven months ahead.

By that time the thieves have covered their tracks.

Cars stolen for re-sale are nearly always new and of the cheaper, popular makes.

The reasons for this are that they are not difficult to sell, and that there are so many cars of the same type on the road that identification presents a stiff problem.

Another and perhaps simpler method of disposing of stolen cars is to register them as new vehicles.

Engine and chassis numbers are changed, and, for registration purposes, forged invoices are sent to the registration authority.

A car dealt with in this way is kept for a time in a garage and afterwards sold as a shop-soiled or partly used vehicle.

Recently a number of stolen cars have been shipped abroad.

Disclosures about this export traffic were made not long ago at a London police court.

A detective stated that cars worth about £165 were sold through a foreign bank for £85 each.

(Continued on page 24)

Which Doughnut has most Jam?

The Bite Test will tell

Even a boy can't tell how much jam there is in a doughnut, till he bites it, any more than *you* can tell, by looking, how much grit there is in your tooth-paste. But the Bite Test will tell you. Grind a little of your present paste between your front teeth. If it's the least bit gritty—*think!* Only 1/1000th of an inch, or less, of enamel protects parts of your teeth from decay. Gritty tooth-paste *must* help to wear this protective enamel away. Don't take this risk. Change to Odol, the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy. Dentists recommend this delicious paste because it is such a safe way to pearly teeth and that lovely Odol Smile. Get a 6d. or 1/- tube of Odol to-day or send coupon below for free sample.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash & Odol Denture Powder

Odol

Free Sample. *Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.* **BLOCK CAPITALS** *please!*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious JAM ROLY-POLY

8 oz. plain flour — 4 oz. suet

Cold water to mix — ½ teaspoon salt

1 rounded teaspoon Borwick's

Shred suet finely. Add flour, salt and Borwick's. Mix to dough with water. Roll out oblong. Spread with jam, leaving edges clear. Damp edges and roll up. Put in floured cloth, tie at each end. Drop in boiling water and boil 2 hours.

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

and plain flour is **cheapest**

CONGREVES ELIXIR

FOR

BRONCHITIS. ASTHMA. COUGH & COLDS

BREAD is the essential food...

it is the accompaniment of half the things we eat

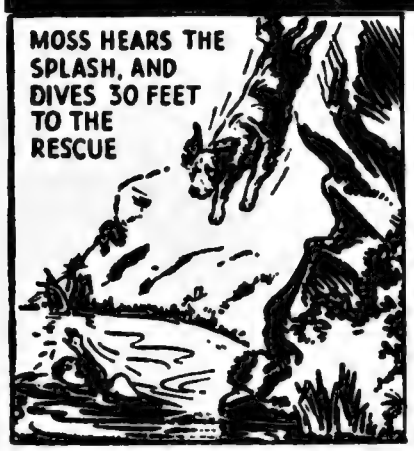
Bread enables you to get more good from any other food eaten with it—especially the protein foods, like meat, eggs and cheese.

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.460

Veteran 'plus' dog dives 30 feet to save boy's life

Moss, a 13-year old working collie with his owner, Mr. Davies of Ystradgynlais, near Swansea. Ten years ago he saved a childhood playmate from drowning in the River Tawe. A fine example of canine intelligence and stamina.



AWAY UP IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS, ten years ago, drama visited the little community of Ystradgynlais. A collie saved a boy from drowning in the River Tawe.

Moss was the first dog to win the Daily Mirror Collar for Conspicuous Bravery. He was a brave young 'plus' dog then, he's a wise old 'plus' dog now.

"He's a fine old man is Moss," said Mr. Davies, "I've given him Bob Martin's regularly for years — one a day in a saucer of milk. Bob Martin's kept him on his toes in 1929 all right. He's old now, but he's still full of life, thanks to Bob Martin's."

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

Your dog may not be a hero or even a worker. But he *is* your friend and companion. He deserves the best that you can do for him and that means regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

"One Bob Martin's once a day" will keep his blood free from the impurities caused by winter feeding and lack of exercise. These famous powders purify the blood; that is the secret of 'plus' dog fitness.

Start conditioning now. Whatever his age, whatever his breed, you will see how quickly he acquires new lustre to his coat, a new sparkle in his eye, an edge to his appetite and a pleased-to-meet-you humour at all hours of the day.

WHY PURE BLOOD IS IMPORTANT IN WINTER

To resist winter cold and damp a dog must be in good condition, and this necessitates a pure blood supply to the liver and kidneys which are concerned in the removal of impurities from the bloodstream.

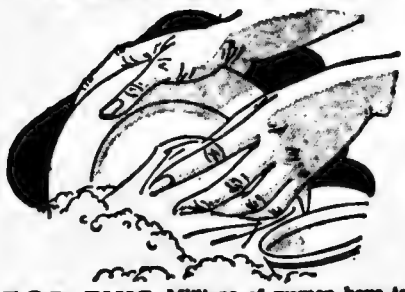
At this time of year, every dog should be growing a protective winter coat. The production of this coat involves great metabolic activity, and puts an added strain on the bloodstream which acts as a carrier of the elements used in coat formation.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are made to purify the blood so that it can do its work efficiently. Only by regular conditioning — one Bob Martin's once a day — can you be sure that your dog is really fit, and growing his winter coat. From all dog-food shops and chemists, 6d. and 1/-.

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

GRIMY HANDS



FOR THIS Millions of women have to do housework or rough work, but there's no need for their hands to show it.

DO THIS Rub 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into the hands, nails and round the cuticle, last thing at night without fail. Use it as though you were washing with it.

GIVES THIS

Your hands will always keep soft, smooth and attractive, even though you do housework every day. 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils in your skin. It stops your nails from breaking and cracking, too!

Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd.,
Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK

Petroleum Jelly

daily for hands

CLEANSES · SMOOTHS · SOFTENS

1677

ECZEMA

End Pain And Disfigurement

This Quick, Easy Way

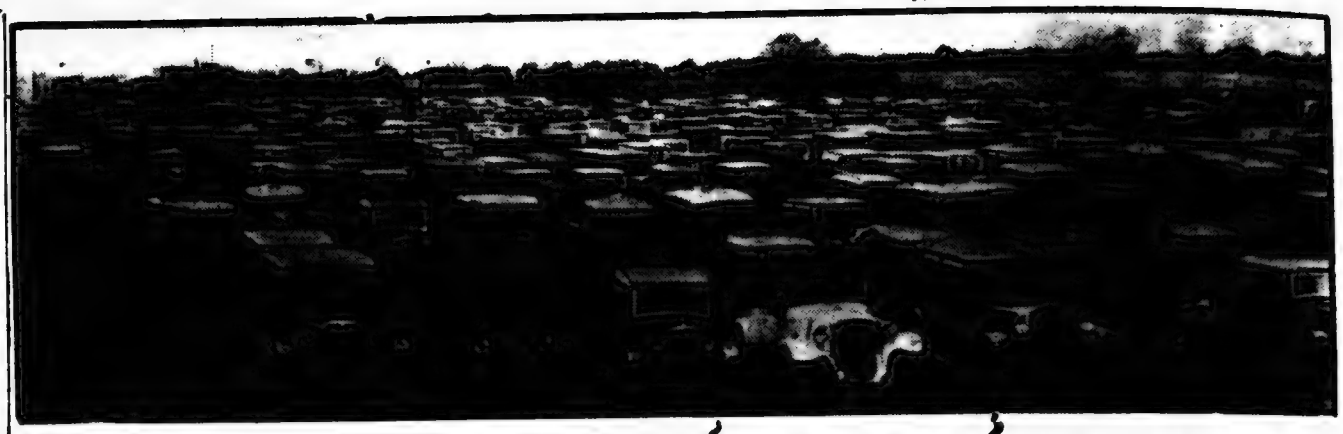
Eczema, indeed any form of skin trouble, is quickly ended by D.D.D. Brand Prescription. This soothing, healing fluid penetrates deep down below the skin and removes the cause of your trouble. Intense irritation and soreness stop immediately, and in a little while your skin looks perfectly clean, smooth and healthy. Use D.D.D. Prescription for eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, ulcers, rashes, spots and pimples. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/6 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent free on application to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. E.E.14, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D·D·D

PRESCRIPTION



"Car Thieves, Limited"

Nearly 250 cars are stolen in Britain every week. That is more than you see in the great car park shown here

One of the biggest of the London car gangs was broken up at the Old Bailey. It had operated for two years and had stolen more than 120 cars, worth £25,000.

Most of them were taken from parking places in the West End of London. Their number-plates were changed in a side street off the Edgware Road, and they were then driven to a garage in Lambeth, where they were repainted.

When the police made their swoop on the gang, fifty cars—worth £10,000—were recovered. They had been so altered that their owners did not know them.

There was a tragedy in connection with the round-up of the gang.

One of the chief agents took his life rather than face trial. The inquest into his death was held on the day when he should have appeared in a London court.

AS far as thefts from parking grounds are concerned, one of the most skilful thieves was a young woman—the daughter of a suburban doctor!

When the attendant was busy elsewhere, she would drive away in a blue or black saloon car of a popular make.

If she was stopped she was profuse in her apologies.

"I am terribly sorry," she would say, "but I must have got into the wrong car. Mine is exactly like this."

Well, she made the mistake once too often. The police were warned about her, and she was caught.

She turned informer, and her principals—two young men who owned a garage in Essex—were also arrested.

They had been paying the doctor's daughter £20 for each car she stole.

All three went to prison.

Different side lines in car stealing are worked constantly.

For example, many cars are stolen not for re-sale, but for breaking up. Others are taken, stripped of all their movable and marketable parts, and left derelict on the road.

Breaking up stolen cars is safer but less profitable than re-sale dealing.

Scrap value of a car varies usually from £10 to £20—a decent profit if the car is stolen.

Dishonest scrap dealers will usually pay thieves £2 per car, and the balance goes into their own wallets.

Occasionally scrap dealers will co-operate with an owner for the purposes of insurance fraud.

A car is stolen by arrangement; goes to the scrap-heap and is LOST beyond redemption.

Meanwhile the owner, who, with assumed indignation and distress, has reported his loss to the police, makes his claim on the insurance company.

When he receives his compensation money, he hands an agreed percentage to the "scrap gang," which makes a double profit.

One man, living in the North of England, developed quite a technique for stealing and scrapping cars.

HE would buy an old second-hand car, steal a better one of the same make, and then transfer the number-plates from the old car to the stolen one.

Using the log-book of the old car, which he had broken up, he would sell the stolen vehicle, and so make money on both "deals."

Now for a car-stealing mystery which has never been explained.

It happened in a great factory in the Midlands, where the output of new cars is several hundreds a day.

From that factory no fewer than 150 brand new cars vanished in the space of six months.

The loss was discovered by the accounts department when the number of cars turned out from the production line and the number of cars taken over by agents were checked.

A searching investigation was made, but nobody could explain what actually had happened.

But it was obvious that the 150 cars had been issued through some "underground" method, their identification numbers changed, and then sent to different parts of the country for sale under forged invoices.

The cars have never been located to this day.

BUT such a theft can never happen again. The factory has stopped the loophole.

"Car-snatchers"—those who "borrow" and discard cars as distinct from thieves—usually work in couples. Company gives them courage.

As a rule, they are youngsters whose lives touch the fringe of crime.

Unless captured early in their careers, they develop into the dangerous gangster type.

The "Prince of the Car Snatchers," however, worked a lone hand.

He was Giuseppi Antonio Migliorini, a handsome, wavy-haired young man of Italian parentage, who lived at Walthamstow.

A sports car left unattended was a lure which Giuseppi could not resist.

He has been known to steal three cars a day—one on the way to work, one on the way home, and the third for an evening outing. He courted in stolen cars.

A three years' sentence at the Old Bailey brought his convictions for car thefts up to a dozen.

Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester are cities which suffer from car snatching almost to the same extent as London.

There was a gang in Glasgow which, before it was broken up, stole more than sixty cars, while a fifteen-year-old Liverpool boy recently admitted stealing thirty cars.

And thefts like these will continue, and the public will go on paying £260,000 a year to recover stolen cars, until a real remedy is found.

The police believe—and I agree with them—that the only way to curb the menace is for magistrates to inflict heavier sentences.

"Joy-riding" may be only an adventurous prank, but it may also be the first step that some youth takes on the path to gangsterdom.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Time-Lagging Committee

IF there was no betting there would be no racing and, as Tattersall's Committee is the supreme authority on betting matters in this country, the proposal that has been made to delegate much of its authority to a few salaried members is one of vital importance to all associated with the sport.

The Committee has always consisted of honorary members, and on the present board of fourteen we find such names as Brig.-Gen. H. D. Kennedy (chairman), the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Laurence Philipps, Major C. L. Blundell, and lesser lights representing the interests of backers and bookmakers.

Although the Committee cannot enforce their rulings at law, the Jockey Club and N.H. Stewards accept their findings. Thus every backer and bookmaker operating on the racecourse must abide by Tattersall's ruling or be "warned off."

Some objection has been raised to the largely amateur composition of the Committee, but there is the still more serious complaint that, as an honorary body, they lack business methods. Their meetings are infrequent and irregular, with the result that there is a great accumulation of cases waiting to be heard. It is invariably many months after a dispute has been submitted that a decision is made known. In the meantime, the offending party is free to carry on with his depredations.

It is the time-lag that is the chief complaint against the continuance of the present system, and it is with the object of speeding up the hearing of disputes that the suggestion has been made that a small salaried Committee should be appointed, to meet every week.

The present system, with its long delays and sometimes debatable decisions, is not all that could be desired, though no one has ever been able to impugn the Committee's good faith and entire impartiality.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, January 12, to Wednesday, January 18.

A B X K R 98 G E 96 D N V J H Z U
P M C O Y L 94 I W 93 F 97 S T 95 Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 94P98P93P98I would read GALADALE.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K92LJ2P would read ODESSA.

Time Tips

SUREST way of finding winners on the flat or over the sticks is the expert application of the value of race-times. This has been abundantly proved by

A. W. MASON,

the foremost authority in the country on the subject of the Time Test in Racing.

Mr. Mason's consistent successes during the past twelve months have been little short of amazing.

Beginning with the issue of January 14, Mr. Mason will contribute an article every Saturday in "THE SPORTING LIFE" WEEKLY EDITION indicating the methods he employs in finding winners.

By means of a code, readers will be advised daily of the horses which they should support.

No racing man should miss this exclusive and invaluable feature.

Time Tips

Always first on our Breakfast Table because

SHREDDED WHEAT

IS FIVE TIMES FAVOURED

1	IT'S DELICIOUS
2	IT'S NOURISHING
3	IT'S HEALTH-GIVING
4	IT'S CONVENIENT
5	IT'S ECONOMICAL

● As head of the house, let me explain why we all enjoy our regular Shredded Wheat breakfast. Firstly, its delicious wheaten flavour has such an immense appeal. Secondly, there's never any waiting when we're rushed. Thirdly, we all know that Shredded Wheat's precious whole wheat nourishment means so much to family health. Fourthly, it's mother's favourite because Shredded Wheat can be served in so many appetising ways—while—Fifthly, it saves her time, trouble and expense.

SHREDDED WHEAT

The Food for General Fitness

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. (Pratt's)

DIPLOMA *The ENGLISH Crustless* CHEESE

£35 *for* LIMERICKS

A charming young lady named Jill
Developed a bit of a chill:
To the doctor she flew
Asking "What shall I do?

FIRST	£15
SECOND	£5
THIRD	£3
FOURTH	£2
TEN PRIZES each	£1

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (other Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, Jan. 27, 1939. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

SOME RHYMES:

Bill, codicil, dill, distil, drill, fill, fulfil, frill, gill, grill, hill, ill, kill, mill, nil, pill, quadrille, quill, rill, shrill, skill, spill, still, swill, thrill, till, trill, twill, will.

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.417a

An Important SAFEGUARD to help you in Your Spending

ONLY reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL. Readers, therefore, need never hesitate to buy from them or respond to offers, for they are all of proved value. Of vital importance is the particular care taken to ensure that no reader suffers any loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased from advertisements in JOHN BULL—that is why the "John Bull" Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard! Here it is!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

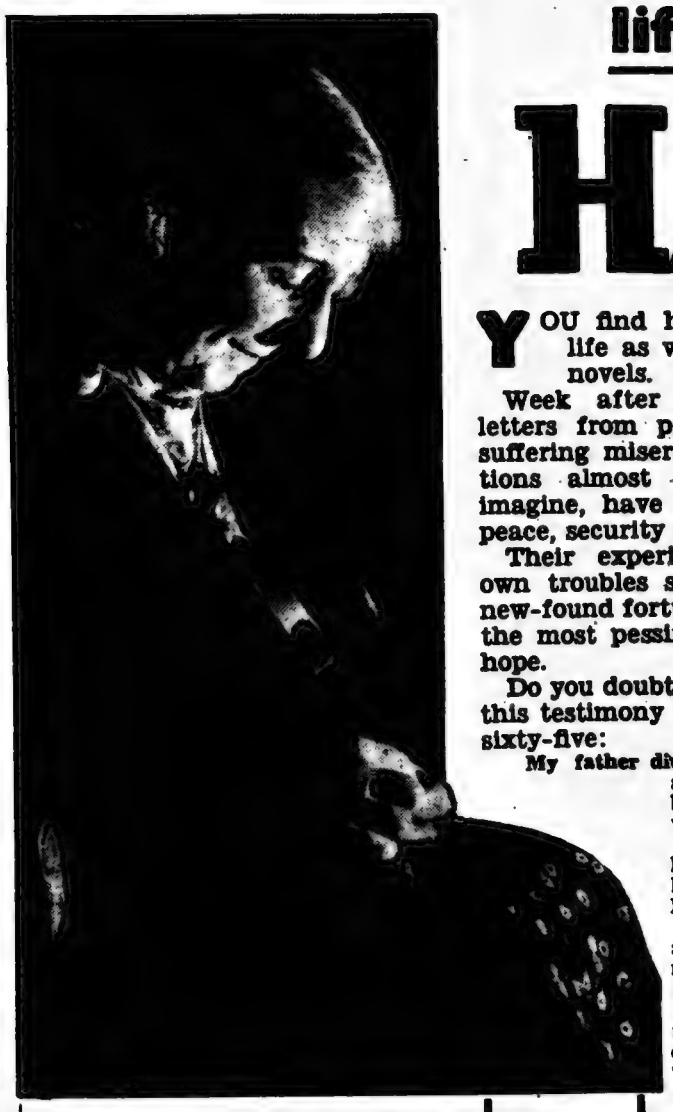
You taste the good Beef!

2½d. SQUARE MAKES 5 PLATES
1d. SQUARE MAKES 2 PLATES
Made in 15 minutes

Foster Clark's Soups

Humanist tells two stories which prove that in life as well as novels there can be

HAPPY ENDINGS



YOU find happy endings in life as well as in popular novels.

Week after week I receive letters from people who, after suffering miseries and degradations almost too painful to imagine, have been blessed by peace, security and contentment.

Their experiences make our own troubles seem trifles; their new-found fortune should inspire the most pessimistic of us with hope.

Do you doubt that? Then read this testimony from a woman of sixty-five:

My father died when I was nine, and I left school to become a maid-of-all-work at home.

Mother ran a laundry and took in lodgers, one of whom I instinctively hated.

But he followed me about and, catching me alone one day, attacked me.

"If you tell your mum or anybody else," he said fiercely, "I'll murder you. You belong to me now."

A mere child of twelve, I was too terrified to denounce him. At thirteen and a half I found I was going to have a baby.

When my father's old friends heard, they wanted to throw my seducer into the sea. But my mother made him marry me—and then turned us out of the house.

We took a room with barely a stick of furniture. My husband earned 14s. a week at first; soon he was out of work.

I found a factory job; eight in the morning till eight at night—for 2s. a day, out of which he took his daily ration of beer and tobacco.

By the age of twenty-one I had six children. Never once did my husband buy anything for me or for the home; never once did he give me a kind word.

*

Well, she stuck that mockery of a life for twenty-eight years, having had twelve children, of whom seven survived.

Then she walked out.

Can anybody blame her?

She walked out one Christmas Day, without a penny in her pocket. A friend gave her shelter, and she found work in a sugar factory—twelve hours a day.

Though the wages were poor and the toil little better than slavery, she enjoyed a peace that she had never known before.

TIME after time the husband pleaded with her to return to him, but she resolutely refused. Her children came to see her only when they wanted to borrow money. She was never repaid.

Her husband died a few years ago, and the woman married again.

She has the love of a good man at last. She would be wonderfully happy but for one thing—her children's callousness.

"They have a streak of their father in them. They ignore me except when they want something.

My youngest daughter, a woman of twenty-nine, died last September; yet the family did not inform me till eleven days later."

*

A sad story, but lightened by the knowledge that she has found peace in her declining years.

As for the children, she must treat them as they treat her. To do otherwise is to give herself worry that she, of all women, least deserves.

Her life story, I think, is as terrible as any you will find in the novels of Tolstoy and Victor Hugo; and the next in my postbag is surely as grim as anything in Thomas Hardy.

It is written by a woman who married at sixteen. Her husband gave her 6d. a week for herself; they lived without fires and on food more meagre than that given to convicts.

WITHIN a few years her husband was spending most of his wages on drink and other women, one of whom was a cousin who had come to live with them.

One night my cousin met my husband out and they did not return till 2.30 in the morning. I opened the door, and she came in first.

I dragged her in the kitchen; only heaven knows why I didn't stand in the dock for murder.

The thought of my five babies lying in the next room, and their father carrying on with this girl I had befriended, made me lose control.

I thrashed her till she lay as if dead. When my husband came in I attacked him also.

After he had gone to bed, I sat in a chair and waited for the morning; then I turned my cousin out.

*

But I must cut the story short. The husband left her for a time, but returned. When she had her eighth baby she ran away, taking the two youngest with her, and went into service for eight years.

The husband sought her at intervals and implored her to return to him.

Now, though her divorce papers are signed, she can't provide the necessary £5 to get free.

Living in a seaside town, she works in boarding-houses or hotels during the season, but in the winter she has to rely on the "dole" for herself and her son.

I wish some M.P. would ask a question about her seasonal employment, which begins at 6.30 a.m. and goes on till midnight or later—for 22s. a week.

Some of us would enjoy our seaside holiday less if we knew what went on behind the scenes.

And yet, despite her poverty, this woman—who is still only thirty-four—is endowed with more peace of mind than she had known since childhood days.

She has yet to achieve complete happiness, still to find security. They will come in time, I feel convinced. Meanwhile, I repeat, she is at peace—and that is a boon no one can underestimate.

For twenty-eight years her life was a mockery. Now, in her declining years, she has found peace

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Finally, let me quote as a contrast a letter that is all sunshine. This, too, comes from a woman reader:

My husband is surely one of the most unselfish men in the world.

I have been ill for two years. I was in bed for six months and am still an invalid.

Soon after my illness began he lost his job. Since then he has managed our home, doing the washing, cooking, nursing, and cleaning—all to perfection.

He gives up everything. His only thoughts are for my son and me.

We have been married twenty-six years and he has always been good and kindly. How I wish I could do something in return to him for his love and care, but what can you suggest?

*

Two things. She can let him know that she does genuinely appreciate his consideration.

It isn't necessary to make speeches. One can say much in a look, a smile, and in the accent of a voice. These little things count enormously.

That's the first. The second is to buy him something personal out of the guinea I am sending for her very welcome letter.

And I think there's something in each of those three letters that can profit the rest of us when we are tempted to think the skies are black.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
HEALED HER
SCALDED HAND
IN 24 HOURS!

With GERMOLENE in the house you have quick healing at hand! Read this case of Mrs. L. E. of King's Lynn:—

"I had a mishap with a kettle of boiling water" she writes. *"The nearest thing to hand was* GERMOLENE. *I smeared some over my hand at once—the pain was terrible, but in less than an hour the pain had gone and in 24 hours my hand was perfectly normal. I think it is wonderful.*

GERMOLENE heals quickly and removes danger directly it is applied. It soothes at the first touch, ends SMARTING AND ITCHING reduces INFLAMMATION, clears away nasty POISONOUS MATTER and removes BLEMISHES from the skin with magical swiftness! Even painful ULCERS which have defied years of treatment cannot resist its wonderful healing power.

6D SOLD EVERYWHERE
1/3, 3/- & Hospital Size 12/- per Tin
If You Suffer From PILES You Should Use GERMOLOIDS (Brand) 1/3 per Box.

Rheumatism
CAUSED BY
Kidney Trouble

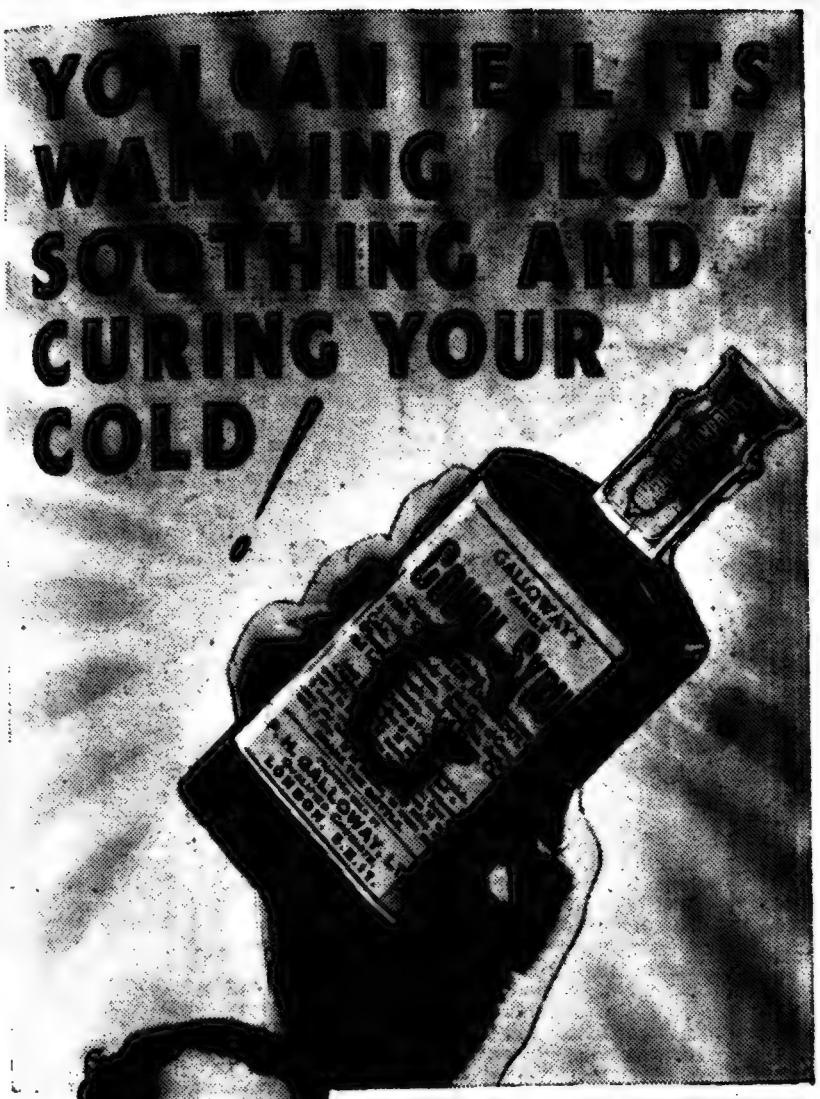
Rheumatism is due to impurities and poisons—especially excess uric acid—in the system. Their presence is due to weak or sluggish kidneys. To rid the system of the cause of rheumatism you must strengthen the kidneys. That is what De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared for. They act at once on the kidneys, restoring them to health.

Within 24 hours after taking the first dose of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you have definite proof that they act on the kidneys, strengthening and restoring them to health. The kidneys then perform their proper work, which is to eliminate the cause of kidney trouble and all its painful symptoms—bad back, urinary disorders, stiff, swollen joints and rheumatic pains. Start with De Witts Pills to-day—your pain will be quickly ended, and further medicine will be quite unnecessary—you will be in perfect health.

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS
Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Specially prepared for weak kidneys, bad back, rheumatism, sciatica, joint pains, lumbago and urinary disorders. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

YOU CAN FEEL ITS WARMING GLOW SOOTHING AND CURING YOUR COLD!



STRAIGHT to the spot goes GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP—warming—soothing—curing. You can *feel* it doing you good — instantly relieving irritation—getting right down to the job of driving out your cough or cold in double-quick time. It is *your* family's life-guard. For defence against Coughs, Colds, 'Flu, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough & other Winter ills, you should have a bottle handy throughout the danger months. Get one TO-DAY!

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

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See how it works

Sale price of your Suite, say £10.19.6
Less allowance for your old Suite, say ... £2. 2.0
Total £8.17.6
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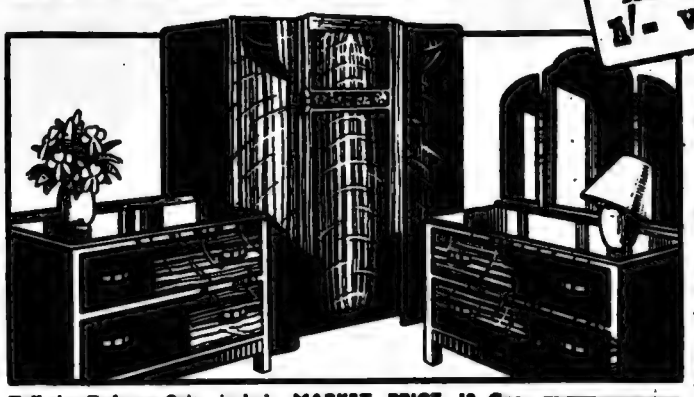

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We have a number of re-conditioned Pianos by the World's most famous makers going at very attractive Sale Prices, from 23 gns. or 3/6 weekly.

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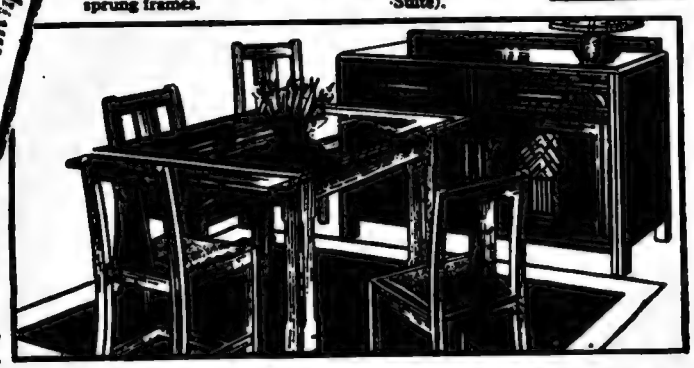

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170 OTHER BRANCHES.

Short Story by Hedley Barker

KNOCK-OUT!

THE blare of electric organs from Tuby's cocks and hens, from Tuby's spotted horses, and from Tuby's switch-back motor-cars contended with the clangour of loud-throated bells, the screams of flappers in the swing-boats, and the lusty shouts of showmen.

Hoarse voices yelled invitations to walk up and see the fat lady, the thinnest man in the world, and the only mermaid in existence.

The proprietors of these fascinating marvels yelled themselves blue in the face; everybody who had a stall yelled himself blue in the face in the vain hope of outvying Tuby's.

Lurid in the glare of naphtha lamps, Ted Settle almost shattered his lungs in the effort to make himself heard.

The sweat poured from him. The veins of his neck seemed ready to burst as he threw back his head, filled himself with air, and contorted his face to an aspect of agony.

"Six rings a penny, ladies and gent'men, and all you ring you 'ave, all you ring you take away, Harry Freemans and gratis for nothing.

"Come 'ere with a wheelbarrow and go away with a motor-car. Clocks, ornaments, boxes of chorclits, genuine guaranteed silver lever watches, fifteen jewelled and fully compensated.

"Hi-yi there!—six rings a penny, six rings for a modest brown, the finest proposition ever put before the public, every ring guaranteed to enclose the object.

"Walk up, walk up, walk up! I'm not here to sell things, I'm here to give 'em away. Walk up and rob the old man!"

From time to time Ted Settle paused to mop his streaming brow and to wipe the inside of his hat.

In these lulls his glance might have been seen to wander to a tent about fifteen yards away, when a wistful light would come into his eyes, and the ghost of a wry smile would flicker about his lips.

> The crowd began to yell as Ted mixed things. Two lovely uppercuts went home. Another, and another.

And, following Ted's glance you might have descried within the gloom of the tent the flutter of a white hand—that is, unless its owner happened to be busy foretelling somebody's future by the cards, by the line of fate, or by the magic of numbers.

For, as set forth by a placard outside the tent, Queen Lydia was skilled in all matters occult.

Palmist, psychometrist, numerologist, and clairvoyante—Queen Lydia (of Royal Romany Blood) was "the Empress of Science and Past-Mistress of the Supernatural Arts."

Whatever else she pretended to be, Lydia had, at all events, a full title to beauty.

She was dark and vivid and exuberantly curved after the fashion of her race, her voice was low, and her movements had the supple grace of a rapier.

AND whilst Ted didn't know the first thing about beauty, he did know that he was enchained by her; that he was by turns happy and miserable on her account, and that the happy turns came only on those rare occasions when Luke Welch was drunk, and incapable of looking after what he considered to be his rights in the Empress of Science.

So that Ted was for the most part miserable, and the knowledge that Lydia favoured his suit rather than Luke Welch's did nothing to lessen his misery.

It would have been different had the two men been equally matched.

But, whereas Luke was a six-foot bully, Ted fell short of his height by six inches, and, moreover, he had none of that physical cunning which is useful in a fight.

To be brief, Luke Welch would have eaten him before breakfast, with one arm tied and both legs useless.

A coward at heart, as are all bullies, he had, nevertheless, a convincing swagger, a blustering roar which intimidated all but the lion-hearted.

Thus, matters were at an impasse, and neither Lydia nor Ted could see a way out.

NOR could the Sibylline Lydia foretell the immediate future when pressed so to do by the gloomy Ted.

All her arts were void before this problem, and she could do no more than give negative counsels, which boiled down to the fact that Ted was to bow his neck to the tyrant's yoke, and hope for better times.

And she herself was afraid to tell Luke Welch that she would have none of him, lest he vent his rage on the innocent Ted.

So, those two contained their souls in misery and pinned their faith on a big pools win for Ted; one of those fabulous prizes which would enable them both to drop fairgrounds for ever, and realise hymeneal bliss impervious to jealous threats.

Of course, they did find opportunities to meet, but more often than not these meetings were terminated abruptly by the arrival of Luke Welch, breathing battle, murder, sudden death.

The imminence of danger was announced by a shout of "Hey, there! Beat it, or I'll whale the hide off you."

And Ted, though his whole soul rebelled, would beat it on the instant.

He was all for taking a stand. At least he would have liked to show his ladylove that fear was not in him, though he must have shown her at the same time that neither was the ability to fend off disaster.

WELL, there they were, so near to happiness and yet so far away from it.

The situation was monstrous; it was, as Ted often told Lydia wrathfully in the intervals of providing the public with genuine guaranteed silver levers (Harry Freeman's and gratis for nothing), unheard of.

He demanded to be told if this was a free country. Since it would cost them nothing beyond the licence to get married (setting up housekeeping merely meant Lydia selling her own caravan and coming to live in his), why not get married and done with it?

Lydia's answer was that, in the first place, Luke Welch would half-kill him, and in the second he might kill him outright, in which case she would be a widow before she had well begun to be a wife.

No, the only hope was the pools. The only hope was to win enough money to buy a business in some town at least a hundred miles from Luke Welch.

To save such an amount would take them ten years at the present rate of going.

"And to win it," pointed out Ted pessimistically, "might take ten thousand.

"What I say is, let me spring it on him one of these fine mornings that we're man and wife.

"If he half-kills me, well, it'll be worth it. As for doing me in properly—don't you believe it. He's too fond of 'is own skin to swing for the like of Ted Settle."

"It might be worth it to you," said Lydia, "but what do you thinks I should feel like to see your face when he'd finished with it? I couldn't bear it, Ted, I just couldn't bear it."

And since Ted Settle always deferred to the weaker sex, he had to abide by her wish.

A new day was born; was succeeded by others, by weeks, months.

It was agreed between them that the first win of moderate size should be earmarked for the joint fund to buy that elusive business, but, since this only amounted to five shillings, Ted, saying

(Continued on page 30)

ATTACK YOUR COUGH AT ITS ROOT

So many people, when they get a cough or cold, waste valuable time and money by taking mixtures which merely alleviate the trouble instead of attacking it at its root. Don't you make that mistake with *your* cough. Start now to take Famel Syrup which contains soluble Lactocreosote, the most effective bronchial antiseptic known. Through your blood the Lactocreosote will be carried to your throat and lungs and breathing passages where it will immediately kill the germs—for its effect is so powerful that germs are unable to live in its presence. At the same time, the soothing balsams in Famel Syrup will be easing the irritated membranes while the tonic minerals renew your vitality and powers of resistance to future attacks.

Famel (brand) Syrup has a world-wide reputation and is used by doctors and nurses in hospitals and sanatoria everywhere. There are various ways of taking it—one very good method is to take a dessertspoonful in milk, orange-juice or your usual "nightcap" beverage just before you go to bed. It is quite likely that two or three doses of Famel will be all that you need, and it does its work so quickly that as soon as you've had the first dose you begin to feel better.

Famel is sold by your chemist—at 1/6 and 3/-.

Famel Syrup

Brand

CONQUERS COUGHS

She's Cashed 116 Cheques from "John Bull"

Here you see Mrs. E. G. Hitchcock, 218, Oxford Road, Swindon, who secured a JOHN BULL Crossword Life Pension of 30s. Weekly in October, 1936. Already her Saturday Pension cheques total 116, and they will continue for the rest of her life. Turn to the big Crossword Offer on pages 36 and 37 and you may well win £3 Weekly for Life and £1,000 in immediate cash!

IS THAT 'MAKE-UP' ON MILADY'S TEETH?

No—that almost artificial whiteness is probably due to a certain brand of magnesia that turns the dingiest teeth white. It has been found that 'Milk of Magnesia' by its chemistry in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth—especially hard smokers.

Get for yourself the dentifrice that contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they are a natural white—and stay that way. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their clients. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its amazing effect on acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia will absolutely correct any acid condition of the mouth. But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

Dreadful Stomach Pain died away

If you have resigned yourself to long and irksome treatment for your stomach trouble, perhaps accompanied by dreary diet, the letter below will give you fresh heart. It shows how simple and effective is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the famous remedy that has released many thousands from almost every kind of stomach suffering.

When stomach pain attacks you in an awkward situation, a few Tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder bring you certain relief. You can rely on its powerful alkalies not only to free you from suffering but to correct the unnatural condition that has brought it about.

Rapid Relief

In a brief letter, Mr. Thomas C. Gammons, of 22, St. Augustine's Road, Bedford, tells most vividly how successful he found this gentle yet powerful remedy. Mr. Gammons writes:

"I feel it my duty to write in praise of your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets. I woke up in the early hours of the morning with a dreadful pain in my stomach. It was so bad I had to get up and walk about in agony. I took four Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets without any water—just ate them like sweets. In a very short time the pain died away, and what a relief to be free."

The secret of this mild and soothing remedy is the perfect balance of its healing alkalies. They not only soothe and correct the effects of excess acid, they also ensure that digestion is carried on without further painful interference. Natural digestive action is gently and completely restored.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 3/- bottles, and a handy tin of Tablets for 9d. Only genuine with the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

See that signature and you're safe

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

STOP THAT COLD

SNEEZING, SHIVERING, ACHING, FEVERISHNESS FOR 2D

Sneeze... Shiver ...Ache.....How rapidly that chilly feeling seems to get right into your very bones! Stop it NOW for 2d. That's all a Beechams Powder costs, but the relief it brings is worth more than gold. Just as marvellous, too, for RHEUMATIC TWINGES, HEADACHES, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA. Make a point of spending 2d. on a Beechams Powder and getting speedy relief at the first sign of a Cold, Chill or Pain!

BEECHAMS POWDERS ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BENSON'S REMARKABLE JANUARY OFFER

Benson's famous £3.5.0 Silver 'City' Watch offered here on unique terms. Sent complete in velvet-lined case.

SOLID SILVER WATCH sent to you for FREE INSPECTION IN YOUR OWN HOME!

SEND NO MONEY!

Take advantage of this offer while it lasts. You can inspect Benson's famous Silver 'City' Watch in your own home before paying a penny.

This fine timekeeper has a fully-jewelled lever movement covered by Benson's full written guarantee and a SOLID SILVER case with **double** hinged back. It is a timekeeper you will be proud to own and will give you year after year of BENSON ACCURACY. Under this offer you send no money and the watch is sent to you for free personal inspection. After examining the watch you remit a small first payment of 3/-. Balance of the cash price of £3.5.0 payable in 12 monthly sums of 5/- and a final sum of 2/-. No extras for monthly payments. Your first step is to post the coupon now for **FREE** pocket watch catalogue, full details and special order form for this offer.

Post this coupon for full details and BENSON'S free catalogues!

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OTHER BENSON OFFERS You may purchase anything in Benson's stock on easy monthly terms at cash prices.

To J. W. BENSON, LTD., The original firm founded A.D. 1749.
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send, post free, illustrated catalogue(s) I have ticked, details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments, and details of January Free Inspection Offer for your 'City' Watch. (J.B. 14.1.39)

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A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 9d. ONLY

Here is the name!

A REVELATION at 9d. per ounce. Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d** *'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets* 8d
Two-ounce tins **1/6**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

So this sort of thing is a healthy exercise!

Speak Up, Brothers

While others hit or kick a ball
Or tire themselves with walking,
Convinced that they are keeping fit,
My method is to do my bit
By sitting still and talking!

Since "Speech is healthy exercise,"
We're told, I'll simply curl
Myself up in a chair and spout,
Till I get strong enough to rout
The fittest Fitness Girl!

FOR long I have felt the need of reducing my avoirdupois and making my biceps less like the common or bathroom sponge, but have been unable to devise a method which did not involve tiresome activity and a distasteful expenditure of energy.

But now Dr. H. R. Hamley, Professor of Education in the University of London, has assured us that speech is "a healthy exercise" and my problem is solved, and my bow window as good as abolished.

To sit back and offer a few well-chosen remarks on the deplorable way in which the affairs of the world are mismanaged is always more agreeable than mere idleness, and those of us who follow this occupation will now have the additional satisfaction of knowing that we are toning up the old system and making ourselves tough and taut.

Obviously there are points about being able to regard one's armchair as a gymnasium and the hearth-rug as a playing-field.

Especially if we happen to prefer a good fog to the wind on the heath, brother, and can establish cordial relations with or in any type of bar except horizontal bars and parallel dittoes.

Not from the B.B.C.

Apart from the benefits to one's physique which result from systematically unsealing the lips, there are the psychological advantages.

These, Dr. Hamley points out, are important, for "where there is unfettered self-expression there is happiness."

Too many of us suffer from inhibitions, thanking some bore of a woman for a pleasant evening when yearning to tell her that we'd rather beg our drink and sandwiches from door to door than again put up with her and her absurd husband's company.

And how much happier one might be (I say "might") through throwing off one's fetters and boldly informing the wife of one's bosom: "There are two things I can't stand, and your mother and your cooking are both of them!"

Admittedly this takes practice, but it's worth trying.

Be brave and say "Boo" to a goose,
Be strong and say "Baa" to a sheep,
And in time you may be
From repressions set free
And much consequent happiness reap.

Venture "Tush!" to a woman P.C.,
And, if somehow you don't take a toss,
Firmly keep on your way
To that glorious day
When you rise and say "Bilge!" to the boss!

Y. Z.

Continued from previous page

The Knock-Out

that such a sum was neither here nor there, bought Lydia a string of pearls with it.

Meantime, he hinted dark things about a sudden and strange change in his conduct.

Every morning he trotted a couple of miles, skipped energetically, and contorted himself in odd postures.

He was, let it be known, in training.

Twenty pounds was not to be sneezed at, and one morning Ted was advised that four aways had won him exactly that amount.

"Twenty pounds," he said, "is a long way off four or five hundred, which is what we want. If I'd clicked for the penny points we'd 'ave 'ad something to shout about."

Upon which, Lydia, saying that he didn't know the value of money, demanded that he give it into her safe keeping.

He demurred. He had, he pointed out, a cash-box, and a special place to keep it in. Let it bide. Presently there might be more to put with it.

And Ted went on with his training. One night the reason for it suddenly became obvious.

Alongside Ted's stall the Shelburn Slasher paraded nightly before the multitude.

A fearsome spectacle indeed, beetle-browed, with an ugly scowl, two cauliflower ears, a shapeless nose, and a jaw like a battleship's ram.

Upon the stage fronting the booth this gentleman prowled back and forth like a tiger.

IN the forefront of the stage, occasionally lifting his cane to point out the prowling Slasher, an enormously fat man in loud checks roared and ranted.

"One pound sterling is the offer to any gentleman who can go three rounds. To any sportsman who can box three rounds with the Slasher, twenty silver shillings, cash on the nail, and to any likely lad who can knock him out the sum is doubled.

"Here they are, gentlemen—two English treasury notes, brand new, unsoiled, signed and sealed by the cashier of that noble institution, the Bank of England. Walk up! Walk up! Walk up!"

From her tent the Empress of Science watched in open-m. :thed amazement as Ted Settle, peeling off his jacket, mounted the steps.

The fat man was taken aback; he thought Ted was either drunk or struck silly.

Once more the fat man harangued the crowd, and the crowd, scenting a needle affair, began to pay their sixpences. Soon the booth was packed.

Ted Settle, stripped, was seen to be no slouch.

Although smaller than the Slasher, he looked solid, and strong; he showed a fine barrel of a chest, and good workmanlike arms.

The Slasher stood off, warily, pawing the air.

Like lightning, Ted leapt in, flashed over a left hook, and unloosed a shrewd right.

The Slasher appeared to be startled, slid away on the retreat, shot out a straight left which reached Ted's nose without power, whereupon Ted banged home a beauty to the point.

He came out for round two like an uncoiled spring, and the flurry of his attack carried the Slasher into the ropes.

The crowd began to yell as Ted mixed things recklessly. Two lovely uppercuts went home. Another, and another.

The Slasher looked groggy, he appeared to be out on his feet, his head was wagging stupidly like a mechanical doll's, and he was punching away at Ted's ribs like a lost man.

They clinched, wrestled around the ring, both breathing heavily. The fat man, who wore a worried expression, cried "break!" And on the breakaway Ted socked the Slasher a haymaker over the heart.

ROUND three had barely begun before it was over. Amid a pandemonium of cheering Ted stood over his prostrate opponent.

He had come from his corner like a shot out of a gun, uncurled a beauty right from the hip, and slammed it home to the jaw. "Four," went the count. "Five....six....seven....eight .... nine—out!"

The fat man looked sick. "And stay out," he muttered, under his breath, "you great big lump of No-good."

That night Ted Settle played courtier to Queen Lydia on the steps of her caravan.

Presently, Luke Welch approached uncertainly, and stood off, glaring.

Ted rose, spat on his hands, and made fierce motions. "Beat it," he snapped, "or I'll whale the lights out of you!"

Luke Welch slunk off. Ted resumed his seat, prisoned the waist of the Queen Lydia in his arm.

"Now," he said, "we can get married. Ain't that worth twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds?" she asked. "What do you mean, Ted Settle?"

"That's what it cost me to buy the Slasher," said Ted. "Ain't it worth it?"

And, since Lydia placidly received his kiss, we must conclude that she was in complete accord.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS sends grateful acknowledgments for donations to the Greatest of These Fund to the following readers:—

Paddy, "Ulster"; Working Mother; Ex-Sailor; "Little Rose"; Poor Widow; Bryan's Granny; Well-wisher, Berwick-on-Tweed; Ex-Service Man, Oban; "Still Trying to Serve," Manchester; Disabled Dick, Nottingham; A Mite for the Fund, Oxford; Wanderer, Widnes; Poor Grimbarian; Grateful, Kidderminster; Children's Offering, Hull; Socialist, Leeds; "Little Bit," Wakefield; Every Little Helps, Lancs; Labourer's Wife, Salford; Reader, Surrey; Sympathiser, Bristol; Old Reader, Ilmington; Follower of Christ, Sheffield; Mrs. Greaves, Birmingham; Scotland for Ever, Glasgow; Ginger, Glasgow; Widow's Mite, Leicester; Widow, Preston; Old Age Pensioner, Surrey; Vocalist, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Miner and Wife, Glam.; A. Friend, Pelaw; Jean and Jacquilin, Essex; Girl Guide, London; Happier Times, Duckmanton; Good Luck, Yorks; Old Year Resolution, Birmingham; Joe's Bob, Atherton; Remembrance, Sheffield; Yorkshire Lass, Bucks; Well-wisher, W.11; Two Sympathisers, S.W.4; Small Sum Big Feelings, Reddish; Old Pontypriddian; Pensioner, S. Wales; Sallie, Hanging Ditch; S. H., Thornaby; Lancastrian; Old Age Pensioner, Notting Hill; A Widow, Penarth; Just a Mite, Glos.; Well-wisher, Surrey; Poor Woman, Notts; Well-wisher, Bristol.

COLDS Rubbed Away overnight

with the 3-Minute Vick Massage

Nothing to swallow—nothing to upset the digestion. Just do this at bedtime: (1) rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub briskly on throat and chest; (2) rub it also on the back; (3) to lengthen and strengthen its double action, spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The massage starts Vick working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, warmed by the body-heat, Vick releases powerful healing vapours that are breathed in 18 times a minute direct to the air-passages of the nose, throat, and chest. Working for hours in these two ways, Vick soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. The patient drops off to restful sleep. By morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

The Good-Natured Laxative LIXEN

Proof THAT MORGAN'S POMADE does RESTORE COLOUR TO GREY HAIR

An Ipswich user of Morgan's Pomade writes: "I have used Morgan's Pomade for treating Grey Hair to conform to its original colour, and the result has been remarkable. My hair was almost white, and before I had finished the first 2/9 jar it was dark brown, exactly as it was 20 years previously. It is helpful too in strengthening the growth."

Morgan's Pomade has been famous for restoring original colour to grey or faded hair for half a century. It is NOT A DYE. Never fails. Massage into hair roots. Beneficial to hair health and beauty. Frees scalp from choking dandruff.

1/9 and 3/3 per jar. (Post 3d. and 4d. extra. Foreign, 1/1 and 1/7 respectively).
At Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores or direct.

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Morgan Antiseptic Shampoo cleanses, strengthens and beautifies the hair and removes dandruff. 3d. per packet or 1/6 per box of 7 packets.

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NEWS FOR SUFFERERS

A New Treatment of skin disorders has been discovered by Scientists who have recently been carrying out a number of laboratory and clinical tests on the values of Vitamins. These tests revealed that when certain Vitamins were present, diseased tissues and wounds healed much more readily. Good news for sufferers from skin troubles. The active "Skin Vitamin" is now contained in "HEALO" brand Antiseptic Ointment. If you suffer from Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg or any other skin disorder, obtain a 1/3 or 2/- (3 times the size) tin, from your Chemist to-day, or post free from Dept. A, Cannon, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham.

HEALO OINTMENT

RHEUMATISM.

A mother with the work of a home and care of a family on her hands cannot afford to be laid up with the crippling stiffness and pain of rheumatism. At the first twinge of pain apply Sloans and almost before you realize it you feel a soothing warmth steal through the aching part and the pain begins to fade away.

The wonderful thing about Sloans is its quick action. It stimulates circulation through the tissues and thus relieves congestion. Relief is obtained quickly.

Our grandparents swore by Sloans and it still holds the field for the quick relief of aches and pains of rheumatism in muscles and joints, of **lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuritis, sprains, strains, cramp and stiffness.** The sooner you use Sloans the quicker you'll be free from pain. Get a bottle from the nearest chemist and get relief now! 1/9 per bottle.

SLOANS
Brand Liniment
KILLS PAIN

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

The most stubborn cases ENDED INSTANTLY

Keep Potter's in the home ready for use—you will then prevent attacks at night when relief is so necessary.

This is no exaggeration but an accomplished fact to which hundreds of thousands of grateful users of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE bear testimony. If your days are a dreary succession of coughing? If you are compelled to absent yourself from your employment? If your nights are even worse than your days? Don't delay, go straight to your chemist for a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. **Prove for yourself that here is the remedy that will give you instant relief—make your days as enjoyable as before and sleepless nights a thing of the past.** Every chemist everywhere sells Potter's—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need.

Potter's Asthma Cure is also unequalled for Catarrh, Chest tightness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup and all bronchial diseases of children. Contains no harmful drugs and does not cause headache. Every sufferer from any of these complaints should fill in the coupon below for the new edition of our FREE BOOKLET "Are you Asthmatic," which gives valuable information as to treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., as well as hints on health and diet.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free, 1/9.

Recommended by her Doctor.

Mrs. A. of Co. Durham, writes on Dec. 11th, 1936: "I am writing to tell you how much benefit I have received from using Potter's Asthma Cure. I was taken with a severe attack of asthma and tried all the so-called remedies and even my Doctor's, all of which gave me no relief. And the last time I sent for him, in one of my bad spells, he recommended me to try your Cure, which I immediately did and found that I got instant relief after using it. I might tell you that I now get hours of sleep; before it was only a matter of perhaps half-an-hour."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull.

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window—you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.

CROSSWORD No. 138.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 26 and 27 is presented the 138th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the best of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 2, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 27. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:—"One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 5 years. I have been X-rayed 19 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried many medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living." Vitadatio succeeds when all else fails. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- & 4/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.)
From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** LIB 121

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 25.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 25. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday January 27, 1939. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

NIPITS
PRICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
PRICE 2½d. PER TIN OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

For Furnishing Bargains

don't overlook JAY'S Sale announcement on page 27. A free copy of their fine natural colour photography catalogue, as well as other useful Catalogues, will be sent on receipt of the special coupon. Simply fill in your name and address and post the coupon to the Head Office!
—FILL IN THE COUPON ON P. 27.

Pools Parliament

Pools fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PUZZLES OF THE PENNY POOLS

IN the flood of letters that has poured in on me since the football season started, the whole range of pool activities is covered.

Yet there is one sphere of activity that by far outweighs the rest. I refer to the penny pools.

Requests for penny pool entries ranging from sixpenny outlays up to schemes for expending several pounds a week have been so numerous that it has been quite impossible for me to answer them individually.

For this reason I am devoting a whole page this week to penny pool problems.

So far as forecasting is concerned, there are three ways in which you can treat a match.

One is to select a particular result and rely on this as your only forecast, no matter how numerous your entries. In pool parlance, this is a banker.

The second way is to make a two-way forecast by eliminating the least likely result, and marking the match to cover both the other possible results—which will obviously be 1 and x, 1 and 2, or x and 2

The third way, which is really not forecasting at all, is to cover a difficult match for each possible result, 1, x or 2. I shall refer to this method as a three-way marking.

I am not going to dwell on the forecasting question, as the Graded Guide provides a ready-made forecast for those who do not care to rely on their own opinions.

Besides this, I have found that most punters have their own forecasting methods and it is mainly on the question of combining their forecasting systematically that they seek my advice.

This question of systematic arrangement can I admit, be quite complicated, but actually, from the tables and explanation given below, it should be well within the powers of any pool fan to make up a regular system of penny pool entries to suit his pocket.

Three-Way Markings

Any three-way marking obviously requires three columns. To combine two three-way markings so that one column must contain both the correct results, whatever the results are, requires nine columns, thus:—

(Table 1).

1	x	2	1	x	2	1	x	2
1	1	1	x	x	x	2	2	2

Notice that each possible result of the first match is combined with each possible result of the second match.

To extend this table to cover three matches would require 9 x 3 equals 27 columns; to four matches, 27 x 3 equals 81 columns, and so on.

Each additional match multiplies the number of columns required by 3.

These markings are called full permutations, and, obviously, if we could afford to extend this to cover all the matches in the pool we should be sure of an all-correct forecast.

Actually, it would be far too expensive, and unprofitable, to do this.

The full permutation for 12 matches, for instance, requires 531,441 columns.

To combine three-way markings for a number of matches in a less expensive way, the method of *limited permutations* can be used.

These are so called because they limit the number of errors that can be made.

The best-known of these is the following nine-column permutation for four matches:—

(Table 2).

2	1	x	x	2	1	x	1	2
1	x	2	1	x	2	x	1	2
1	x	2	x	2	1	1	2	x
2	2	2	1	1	1	x	x	x

In these nine columns, three-way markings for four matches are so combined that one or other of the columns will contain at least three correct results, whatever the results of the four matches may be.

To cover five matches and guarantee at least four correct results would require 27 columns.

I have not printed the table here because of limited space, but it consists of Table 2 repeated three times to cover four matches with nine 1's, nine x's and nine 2's for the fifth match.

As with full permutations, the more matches covered by a limited permutation, the more columns are required, so the question of cost prevents unlimited development on these lines.

The following, however, are two more limited permutation tables needing only a few lines and combining a number of three-way markings to a definite plan.

Table 3 guarantees at least two correct results out of three matches, and Table 4 guarantees at least three correct results out of five matches.

(Table 3.)

1	1	x	x	2
1	x	1	x	2
2	1	1	2	x

(Table 4.)

1	1	1	x	x	x	2	2	2
1	x	2	x	2	1	1	2	x
2	1	x	x	2	1	x	1	2
1	x	2	1	x	2	x	1	2
2	2	2	1	1	1	x	x	x

Two-Way Forecasts

The method of combining two-way forecasts is similar to that already explained for three-way markings.

In all the following tables "a" and "b" are used to denote the two alternative forecasts.

On your coupon, the "a" and "b" markings should be altered to 1 and x, or 1 and 2, or x and 2, according to the forecasts you have chosen.

With two-way forecasts, fewer columns are required for permutation, but it must be remembered that there is always the risk of the third possible result (which you have not allowed for) turning up to upset your forecast.

Wherever a certain limit of error is stated to be given by a two-way table, it is only on condition that the actual result is covered by the two-way forecast for each match.

For instance, if you have forecast a match 1 or x, and the result is a 2, the tables would not necessarily produce the stated limit of error.

In the following tables, two-way forecasts for various numbers of matches are combined to give the best possible cover according to the number of lines used.

Table 5 guarantees at least two correct results out of three; Table 6 gives at least three correct out of four; Table 7 gives at least four correct out of five; Table 8 gives at least six correct out of seven; Table 9 gives two correct out of two, and Table 10 gives three correct out of three. All these guarantees are dependent on the two-way forecast for each match, including the actual result.

(Table 5.)

a b
a b
a b

(Table 6.)

a	a	b	b
a	b	a	b
a	b	a	b
a	b	a	b

(Table 7.)

a	b	a	b	a	b	a
b	a	a	b	b	b	a
a	b	a	b	b	a	a
b	a	b	b	a	a	a
b	b	a	a	a	a	b

(Table 8.)

a	a	a	a	b	b	b	a	a	b	b	b	b	b
a	a	b	b	a	a	b	a	b	b	a	a	b	b
a	b	a	a	b	a	b	a	b	a	b	b	a	b
a	a	b	b	a	a	b	b	a	a	b	a	b	b
a	a	b	a	b	a	b	a	b	b	a	a	b	b
a	b	b	a	a	a	b	a	b	b	b	b	a	b
a	b	a	b	a	b	a	a	b	b	a	b	a	b

(Table 9.)

a	b	a
a	a	b

(Table 10.)

a	b	a	b	a	b	a
a	a	b	b	a	a	b
a	a	a	a	b	b	b

For further information about the pools, study the special penny entries designed by "Poolex" which appear in the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday. These tables are planned to help small investors, and form one of many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, January 14.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

January 14, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Chesterfield v. Fulham	1	2	
2 Crystal Palace v. Port Vale	1	x	
3 Stoke v. Birmingham	1	x	
4 Bristol City v. Swindon	1	x	*
5 Notts County v. Clapton O.	1	x	
6 Motherwell v. Raith R.	1	x	
7 Third Lanark v. Queen of South	1	x	*
8 Everton v. Arsenal	1	2	*
9 Barnsley v. New Brighton	1	x	
10 Huddersfield v. Portsmouth	1	x	
11 Mansfield v. Bournemouth	1	x	
12 Falkirk v. Aberdeen	1	2	
13 Plymouth v. Norwich	1	x	
14 Darlington v. Crewe	1	x	
15 Bradford v. Millwall	1	x	
16 Tottenham v. Notts F.	1	x	
17 Preston v. Leicester	1	x	
18 Stockport v. Chester	1	2	
19 Aldershot v. Torquay	1	x	
20 Aston V. v. Blackpool	1	x	
21 Hull v. Carlisle	1	2	
22 Wrexham v. Rotherham	1	x	
23 Q.P.R. v. Brighton	1	2	
24 Ayr v. Queen's Park	1	2	
25 Wolves v. Brentford	1	x	
26 Sheffield U. v. W.B.A.	1	2	
27 Southend v. Bristol R.	1	x	
28 Wrexham v. Bury	1	x	
29 Bolton v. Leeds	1	x	
30 Oldham v. Halifax	1	x	
31 Celtic v. Albion R.	1	x	
32 Exeter v. Reading	1	2	
33 York v. Rochdale	1	2	
34 Charlton v. Liverpool	1	x	
35 Arbroath v. Clyde	1	2	
36 Walsall v Watford	1	2	
37 St. Johnstone v. Hamilton	1	x	
38 Northampton v. Newport	2	1	*
39 Cardiff v. Ipswich	2	x	
40 Chelsea v. Middlesbrough	2	x	*
41 Burnley v. Newcastle	2	1	
42 Manchester U. v. Grimsby	2	x	
43 Partick v. Kilmarnock	2	1	*
44 Lincoln v. Bradford C.	2	1	
45 Luton v. Manchester C.	2	x	
46 Hartlepools v. Southport	2	x	*
47 Southampton v. Coventry	2	x	
48 Accrington v. Barrow	2	1	*
49 St. Mirren v. Hearts	2	x	
50 Hibernian v. Rangers	2	x	
51 Gateshead v. Doncaster	2	x	
52 Sunderland v. Derby C.	2	1	*
53 Swansea v. Blackburn	2	1	
54 Tranmere v. Sheffield W.	2	x	

CLEAR YOUR HEAD of that Feverish COLD

Phensic contains 4 proved specifics against fever, cold, influenza and chills ... a combination of medicinal PURITY with a POWERFUL but SAFE action, suitable for every type of patient. Here are the essential ingredient facts:

1 a swift and certain fever-reducer.
2 soothes and quietens painful nerves.
3 prevents growth of COLD and INFLUENZA germs.
4 encourages elimination of poisons through kidneys.

Take PHENSIC yourself ... NOW! Complete formula and explanation of action with every supply. 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Rapid recovery certain.

TAKE 2 Tablets of Phensic

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Lose that Backache!

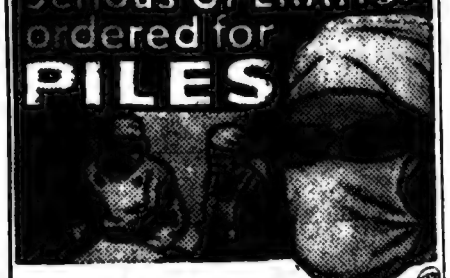
Vigour and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly filtered blood burdens you with backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weak kidney action. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush and invigorate the kidneys and urinary system. At the same time the medicine will destroy bacteria in the urine without harming or irritating the urinary channels.

When the kidneys are healthy they will soon filter away the poisonous impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort, pure blood will nourish the nerves, tissues and joints, and you will be ready and able to tackle the day's work. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

Serious OPERATION ordered for PILES



TORTURED for years with painful piles, Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended ——— Hospital," she writes, "and then St. ——— Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation but I objected; I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

IF YOU'VE A BABY

THE LITTLE RED BOOK WILL INTEREST YOU

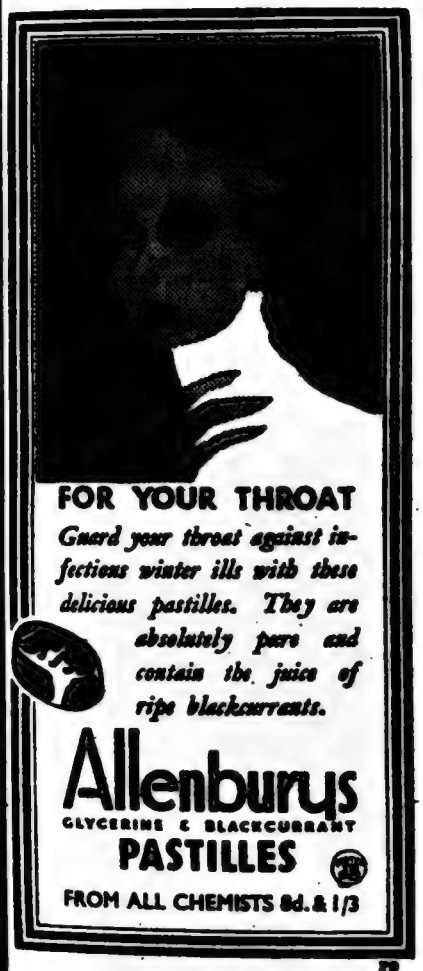
The smallest things in life are often the most important. Take, for instance, the "littlest" one! How we all adore his Majesty the Baby. How terribly we worry if he is not well and bonny!

And there's another small thing of great importance—Steedman's little red book "Hints to Mothers." If you've a baby you just *must* have a copy, because it deals so practically with all baby's ailments and tells what to do while awaiting the doctor in those unfortunate times of accident or serious illness.

This booklet is by no means an advertisement, although it discreetly reminds you of those other small, but very important, items—Steedman's Powders.

Being made especially for little systems, Steedman's are absolutely safe and gentle, overcoming constipation and inducing a healthy regularity while cleansing and cooling the blood.

Sold everywhere at three-halfpence per powder. Insist on seeing the double EE on the packet. And just send a postcard for your copy of "Hints to Mothers," post free from John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.



FOR YOUR THROAT

Guard your throat against infectious winter ills with these delicious pastilles. They are absolutely pure and contain the juice of ripe blackcurrants.

Allenburys

GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT

PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

Handkerchief Clue

HANGS MURDERER

Even a wrinkled handkerchief can supply fingerprint evidence sufficient to hang a murderer. A few specks of dust, wax from the ear, or even a single hair may identify a criminal. Read "Catching Murderers with a Microscope" in "Armchair Science," on sale everywhere, the magazine which explains everyday marvels of science with fascinating clearness. Be sure and get your copy to-day.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE 6D.

37 Features—over 60 Pictures—100 Pages.

LAST DAYS!

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

"John Bull's" Great New Year Gift Offer is closing shortly. If you have not already applied you are advised to delay no further. It is an opportunity not to be missed. A Gift Voucher worth 2/9 and a Gift Voucher worth 7/6—which will you choose? One or both will be accepted as cash in part payment for "John Bull's" world-renowned Writing Sets.

A Typical Letter of Appreciation.

"The 'John Bull' Pen I had from you some ten years ago is still writing as freely as ever, and is, as always, a pleasure to use—the equal of many at a dozen times the price."
—W.H.S., Gloucester.

Safety clip and extra leads!
Written 2 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET
A large 14-carat solid gold nib!
ONE OR BOTH take your choice
Handsome rolled gold bands!
Lever self-filling device!
Exquisitely chased!
Written 5 YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET
ALL BRITISH MADE!

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January, 1939.

VALUE 2/9

No. A 77449

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 15th January, 1939.

VALUE 7/6

No. B 77467

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 6d. for postage and insurance, making 5/6 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

(2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

J.B., 14/1/39.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

PHARMACIST DISCOVERS SEA PLANT CURES NERVOUSNESS

An amazing sea plant from the Pacific Ocean, the world's richest source of life-giving Minerals and Vitamins, was the salvation of a Cardiff pharmacist, who, a short time ago, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Here was another case of Malnutrition — the complaint from which, according to the League of Nations report, 20,000,000 *Britons are suffering*. This ailing pharmacist writes . . .

". . . As a qualified pharmacist I was in a position to try practically any and every remedy. I did so, with no apparent improvement until I tried 'Vikelp.' After one bottle the improvement was amazing and today I feel fitter than I have ever felt in my life."

The product he mentions ("Vikelp" Brand Tablets) is made from this very sea plant from the Pacific Ocean. It contains all the body Minerals and the life-giving Vitamins, which blood and glands must have to combat such disorders as his. People suffering from nervous, rundown, anæmic conditions, stomach troubles and underweight are advised to take these life-giving "Vikelp" tablets.

The makers guarantee that if in 10 days such conditions are not banished, money will be refunded. They offer FREE, a 30-page booklet on How to add weight if needed—banish stomach troubles, rheumatism and anæmia—build strength, energy, strong nerves and rich red blood: new facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins, to all who care to write in to them. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 1/2, 128 Baker Street, London, W.1

CATARRH-NOSES

Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly cleans out Nose. Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness. Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.95, Bristol, 8.

NOSTROLINE

TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

Would *You* Like a Tube of Toothpaste——Free?

Readers who post the Coupon on page 22 can get a free sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Test its cleaning properties by accepting this trial offer. Fill in and post Coupon on page 22 NOW!

RE-AWAKEN & FEED THOSE HAIR ROOTS!

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too stunted or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp.

Simply soften and free the Scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff and other pore cloggings with Kotalko Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with KOTALKO True Hair Grower.

YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE NEW HAIR GROWING through the Scalp, even where it is bald or the hair is very thin. The new hair will keep on growing Thicker, Longer and Stronger.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose—by writing for trial package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Scalp Soap.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism then post or copy Coupon below.

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Toilet Shampoo

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9 Percy St. (M.E.P.), London, W.

Please send me, post paid, Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Masked Men of Manchester

DUSK was deepening as I boarded a tram after watching Manchester City win their League game, and it was quite dark when I got off at Portland Street.

Hurrying past deserted warehouses and offices, on my way to Victoria Station, I suddenly realised that I was being followed.

Sudden it was, for within a few moments two men had caught up with me and grabbed my arms.

"What the ——," I began, but immediately the taller of the two told me to hold my tongue.

"That be hanged!" I protested. "What's the game?"

"Keep on walking, Freddy," said the man roughly.

He spoke with an American accent that even then I suspected to be false.

"Let go! I'm not Freddy"—and I tried to wrench myself free.

"Shut up!" said the second man. "Give the blighter a bit more screw, Tim."

He twisted my arm viciously, and the bigger man gave me a dig in the ribs which took away my breath.

At a corner a saloon car was waiting, its engine running and another man in the driver's seat. They pushed me in and, as the car started off, tied my hands behind my back.

"Look here!" I went on feebly, too bewildered to think. "I'm not the man you want."

The smaller of the two, who was evidently the leader, sneered.

"You won't double-cross us a second time," he growled.

Reader's Story:

By Arthur Dawson, 18, Gladstone Rd., Blackpool.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

A raincoat was thrown over my head, and I tried to collect my wits. But what on earth could I do?

Presently the car whined to a stop, and I was pushed and pulled for half a dozen yards before being ordered to "step up." When I had climbed two flights of rickety stairs, a door closed behind me and the coat was taken from my head.

I found myself in a long, low room, its walls hung with torn black drapery. Old blankets were nailed over the windows; the only light came from two candles stuck in bottles on a shabby table.

There were three men there—my captors, no doubt. They had placed black masks over their faces.

"Well now, Freddy ——," began the leader, perching himself on the table and covering me with an automatic, "What about it?"

"I'm not Freddy, I tell you. Never heard of him!"

The big man chimed in. "Trying to come it slick over us, eh? We knew you'd try to pull a bluff."

There was a soft knock before I could resume. The door was opened to admit a fourth man and two girls, all with masks.

"WHAT'S he got to say for himself?" demanded one of the girls, a rather Spanish-looking brunette with a shrill voice.

"Says he ain't Freddy!" the tall man answered, as if it were a good jest.

"Takes us for mugs!" As she passed she flicked the ash of her cigarette in my face.

"Now listen, Freddy," said the man at the table, "I guess you know what we've got on you. But we'll give you one chance to come clear. Where's our share of the dollars?"

"I tell you my name's ——"

The tall man pulled me by the arm to the end of the room, and partly drew aside a curtain covering a cupboard.

"Have a good look at him," Tim bade me. "He's the only guy who ever double-crossed our gang. Want to join him on the bracket?"

Hanging on a hook was a human skeleton.

The fleshless skull, with its deep eyeless sockets, seemed to grin mockingly as it swung on its hook. I could only gasp.

"Well?" drawled the leader.

Well! Clearly I was the double of the unpopular "Freddy," and my denials wouldn't convince them.

What then? Did they mean murder?

THEN, piercingly, the blonde girl cried out.

"Tony, this guy ain't Freddy!"

She snatched up a candle and held it close to my face.

My relief was so great that I could have hugged her.

The other girl joined her.

"Pack it up, Meg!" she snorted. "'Course it's Freddy!"

"Where's the scar? Remember when he was coshed by Barton's race-gang in Liverpool? Over the left ear."

The leader sprang up, followed by the others, who crowded round and inspected my head.

The little man cursed. "We've pulled a phoney after all."

"I've told you so all along," I said.

"Shut up!" he growled.

Going to the end of the room, they talked in low tones. But now and again a few words reached me, and my blood ran cold when I heard the brunette advocate putting me "out of the way."

"What's to stop him setting the police on us?" she demanded.

Presently the leader came back.

"See here, mug, we'll dump you if you keep your mouth shut. Open it, and we'll get you for good!"

Meg, the blonde, tied a silk handkerchief about my eyes.

"Keep your pecker up," she whispered, and I felt a thrill of gratitude.

Then I was hustled to the car and taken back to the street where I had been kidnapped. As the car slowed down, the little man pressed a packet into my hand.

"Something for you," he growled. "And remember to keep your trap shut!"

They removed the bandage, pushed me out of the car, and before I could note its number it had roared round the corner. My first thought was to report to the police, who were said to be rounding up race-gangsters. But on opening the packet I found five pound notes inside.

I knew then that I should have to choose between being a good citizen or a good husband!

You see, my wife was expecting her first baby, and as we were poor, five pounds was an awful lot of money. I decided to keep quiet—and this is the first time I have ventured to tell my story. . . .

Then, piercingly, the blonde cried out, "Tony, this guy ain't Freddy!"

Going, Going—

READERS have been quick to welcome our New Year Presentation—"The World Crisis"—1911 to 1918—by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.

So great is the demand for this famous and brilliant work that readers who have not yet applied are advised to do so quickly, for the offer must shortly be withdrawn. One further opportunity is given on pages 4 and 5.

Don't miss this unique opportunity of securing this masterpiece, hitherto unobtainable at less than £5 2s., for only 2s 9d. each volume, carriage free. So act quickly!

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FREE. Get a copy of Jay's Furnishing catalogue by filling in the coupon on page 37. Wonderful bargains can be obtained during their sale, which includes Pianos, as well as Bedroom Suites and Dining-room Suites and Lounge Furniture.

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WHO WANTS MY NOSE ?

I can't smell . . . can't taste can't enjoy my food or 'smokes' half choked . . . can't breathe

Are you, too, a slave to insidious Catarrh? Is it spoiling **your** enjoyment of life? Are its offensive, choking poisons ruining **your** health and paralysing **your** mental faculties? Do you wake in the morning with your nose and throat blocked with germ-laden mucus?

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6D. *tins and* **1/3** *jars all chemists—Stops the Attack or Money Backs*

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REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem . . . that make poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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DON'T delay. Make a bee-line for that first prize of £15 now offered for the best last line to the Limerick in the Diploma Cheese advertisement on page 25. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay, you may forget.

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WIN £3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and

138

OPENING OF "JOHN BULL'S" SENSATIONAL CROSSWORD

ONE WEEK ONLY to win the BIGGEST PRIZE

NO FURTHER ENTRY-FORMS WILL APPEAR IN THESE PAGES—*Until whilst you can!*

Be Quick for this Prize of a Lifetime

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Yes, use the same care and common-sense as did Mrs. Furness and the other 95 outright winners in "John Bull's" famous Crosswords, and on Friday, January 27, a golden Joy Wire may well name you winner of £3 Weekly Life Pension and £1,000 in immediate cash!

No further coupons will appear in these pages and you have only a few days to win this lifelong reward. *Start on the Clues NOW and be sure your entry is posted on or before Thursday, January 19!*

ACROSS CLUES

1. Hubby is likely to do this when he gives wife cheque to pay bill
2. Most people like to have some brass in this
7. Blank refusal is sometimes this
10. Unpopular teacher is often upset by
14. Being wrapped up and kept warm is sometimes good for one
16. Pugilists often do, in ring
19. It's very serious when prisoners are in this
20. Person who rises against authority
22. Needy
23. A kind of cape
24. It's worth while having some in garden

DOWN CLUES

1. Ferocious fighter is apt to do this when opponent is timid
3. In some schools you hear a lot of this
4. Strong sun changes colour of this
5. Woman who takes up dressmaking often gets this with needle
6. Man who's taken this expects special treatment
8. Builder's workmen have to do this on some jobs
9. Old one is usually free and easy
11. Bad conditions may limit marksman's
12. One would not expect a good one to be slow
13. Most handy-men could do this if needed
15. Electric battery is used for lighting this in some cases
17. Conscious
18. Principal man in play
21. One who was this at school usually does well when he gets out in the world

Note this new privilege for the assistance of Crossworders

CLOSING POSTMARK—Thurs., Jan. 19

You may now post up to last collection on Thursday

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 31

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, January 19, 1939.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 2. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 7, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

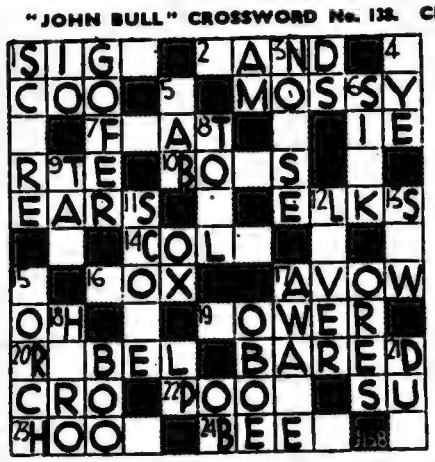
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

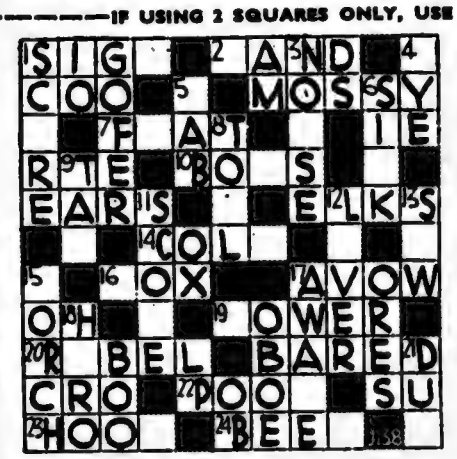
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

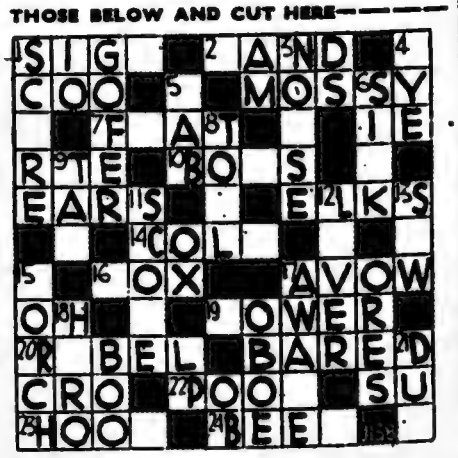
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 138. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., JAN. 19, 1939



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

£1,000 CASH

IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM, £1,750 CASH WILL BE PAID

£150 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

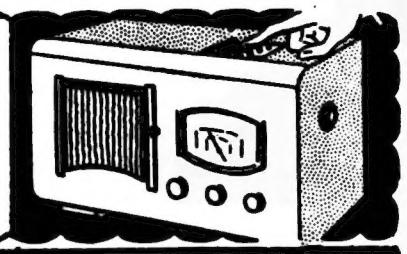
CAMPAIGN OF 1939

OF TO-DAY!

EACH FOURTH ENTRY FREE

UP TO 50 RADIOS

Latest 5-valve "Vidor" All-wave Press-button Models—one with each Runners-up prize of £3 and over whose winner has submitted in one envelope 4 entries (8 squares) or more.



EXTRA DAY TO WIN! CLOSING POSTMARK THURS. JAN. 19

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with Single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," and cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 138, and *Bullets* No. 1,154, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner, observing that *Bullets* closing postmark is Saturday, January 21.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. *or* over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES!

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. For additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 138, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 138. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., JAN. 19, 1939.

FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 138, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....

Two squares above FREE if sending 6 squares with P.O. for 1s. 6d.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

£700 AND NEW YEAR PRIZES GALORE

Won in Crossword No. 135.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 135, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following twenty-three competitors:—

A. Anger, 51, Castle St., Saffron Walden; J. Bolam, 27, Druridge Drive, North Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss H. Boyle, 52, Redbourne St., Hull; Mrs. A. Brockie, 15, Fotheringay Rd., Glasgow, S.1; J. T. Cronin, 94, Parkside Ave., Bursledon, Kent; W. Dixon, 54, Chelmsford St., Oldham; Mrs. C. Duff, 62, Middlefield Place, Aberdeen; K. Duncan, Fornbank, Dundonald, Co. Down; D. Dunlop, Jnr., 11, Wellgate Head, Lanark, N.B.; V. J. Enright, 46, Rosebery Ave., Waterloo, Liverpool; H. Foster, 19, Cambray Rd., Blackpool, N.; Miss Keating, 220, Cannon St., Middlesbrough; Miss H. A. Hodgkiss, 17, Kendal Rd., Salford, 6; Mrs. F. Kesler, 52, Sixth Ave., E. Lansing, Sussex; C. S. F. Kemp, Grange Hall, Sandown, I.O.W.; W. Preston, 63, Bedminster Rd., Brownhills, Nr. Walsall; Mrs. N. Rogers, Carrickboy, Ballyhaunnes, Co. Donegal; Miss J. Shaw, 49, Lupus St., London, S.W.1; E. Sunderland, 63, Mixed Lane, Todmorden, Lancs; Miss L. Titmus, 1, Harvey Rd., Leytonstone, E.11; Mrs. A. Tomkins, 9, Benfield St., Haywood, Lancs; Miss T. Urwin, 105, Broadway, Peterborough; R. E. Williams, 38a, Lavender Sweep, London, S.W.11.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600 and a cheque for £26 1s. 9d. will be sent to each, together with one of the famous "John Bull" New Year Hampers.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 111 competitors, from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 18s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the offices of "John Bull" and all have been notified.

An extra £1 Parcel will be sent to every cash prize-winner who submitted not less than eight squares (or equivalent) in one envelope.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 577 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points FEAT or FIAT, TAKE or TALE and HITS or HUTS were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

Secure your Free weekly copy by enclosing with your Entry the "Gazette" Coupon below.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—1. FILM. 4. FEAT or FIAT. 6. ODE. 7. BOLT. 10. SEED. 12. SHIP. 14. PLUM. 16. ACE. 20. TOW. 21. SALT. 22. COT.

DOWN—1. FOLDS. 2. LEG. 3. HOPES. 5. TAKE or TALE. 8. FOOL. 9. CHOIR. 11. ROUGE. 13. VALET. 15. POETS. 17. LINT. 18. HITS or HUTS. 19. OWL.

TAKE THIS PENSIONER'S ADVICE!

"I AM only an ordinary working man, so what I can do, others can!" That encouraging message to you comes from one of our 38 Crossword Life Pensioners, Mr. B. J. Moss, Lower Tean, Stoke-on-Trent.

"Just use your commonsense," goes on this winner of £6 Monthly for Life in our 51st Contest. "Above all, study the valuable advice in the *Crossword Gazette*."

Take this Life Pensioner's advice and make the *Crossword Gazette* YOUR guide to success! Obtain a free regular supply of this invaluable little weekly, together with *Bullets Bulletin*, simply by filling up this Reservation Coupon and posting it with your entry for our Record New Year Offer.

Send this Coupon FOR FREE X-WORD AID

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply. (Cross out line which is not applicable.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

The Quickest Way To Stop Indigestion

says Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris,

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. I find that this can best be done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This preparation contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science, a fact proved recently by X-ray experiments. I advise any of you who suffer from indigestion to get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia; you'll find that a small dose will stop stomach pain within two or three minutes.

N.B.—'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3d. and 2/6d.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

INSPECT BEFORE YOU BUY!

UNIQUE WATCH OFFER

Send for **FREE CATALOGUE**

and full details of

FREE INSPECTION IN YOUR HOME BEFORE PAYING A PENNY!

ILLUSTRATED on page 29 is an outstanding example of one of Benson's famous watches, known throughout the world for its sterling quality. Take advantage of this remarkable offer by sending the coupon for free Catalogue and full details.

FILL IN THE COUPON ON P. 29

RHEUMATISM & BACKACHE Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys with Cystex and you'll feel fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get up Nights go to your chemist today for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles:—

(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
(2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

9 weeks in Hospital—now well

"I have suffered for five years with Kidney and Bladder trouble, also Rheumatic pains and Stiff Joints. I was not able to raise my arms and spent nine weeks in hospital. They said I would not be able to work, but after Cystex I feel years younger, well and strong."—(Sgd.) J. A. F.

Health Improved in 2 Days

"I had not felt really well for ages and suffered continually from backaches and headaches. I had tried almost everything but could not get lasting relief. Finally I decided to give Cystex a trial, and wish I had tried it long ago and saved myself much pain and expense. It has improved my health more in two or three days than other things have done for months,"—Mrs. B.

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package to the address below. Act now! From Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists, price 1/3, 2/- and 6/- This guarantee protects you.

Cystex The GUARANTEED Remedy for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 81 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

The Editor Laughs Last

HARRY (Wells).—"I'm glad I took her by surprise and kissed her as she stood unconsciously under the mistletoe, because she is a wonderful girl.' And, apparently, a wonderful actress.

R. J. (Saltburn).—"He wanted me to lend him five pounds, but I told him that lending often spoiled friendship and ours was worth more than that." Did he ask you to make it ten?

MISS H. (Leeds).—'At the circus, one of the equestriennes rode beneath the horse, on its neck and practically on its tail." That's nothing; we did all that the first time we got on a horse.

W. N. (Barnes).—"A contortionist says it is his ambition to tie his neck in a knot." A man who reads our newspaper in the railway carriage each morning is apparently training for this feat, too

R. B. (Bath).—"You will find a ladder is always handy when someone falls through the ice while skating." Don't you believe it—it's generally at the nearest farmhouse about a couple of miles away.

INVESTOR (St. Albans).—"What exactly does a share-pusher do to run foul of the law?" You.

E. L. (Leicester).—"Is it true that auctioneers are generally very good conversationalists?" Well, they have lots to talk about.

R. L. (Luton).—"When I caught one of my guests putting some of my spoons in his pocket, he pleaded that it was all a mistake." He thought they were silver?

R. H. (Bodmin).—"When my brother returned after three years in Spain he fell on his face and kissed the ground of his native town." Emotion or banana skin?

* * *

C. R. (Kingston).—"Last Saturday, I spent the whole day fishing, but nothing was biting." Not even the remarks of passers-by?

* * *

JOHN (Windsor).—"I asked her what sort of bracelet she would like for a present, but she did not answer." See letter below.

DORIS (Windsor).—"I believe in the old proverb that silence is golden." See letter above.

E. N. (Hull).—"In order to keep fit, I stand in one position and swing clubs for about fifteen minutes." Our golf is not quite as bad as that.

L. M. (Bermondsey).—"Having had little luck as a professional boxer, I have now gone into the grocery trade." After taking the count, you have taken to the counter.

W. T. (Bicester).—"My husband is very intelligent when it comes to an argument." You mean, he never starts one with you?

D. S. (Doncaster).—"My daughter is studying French, German and Algebra." How does she say "Good morning" in Algebra?

H. N. (Penge).—"One small slip is quite enough to put a man in the dock." Especially if a policeman sees him hand it to a street bookmaker.

P. K. (Balham).—"Any employer who is going in for wholesale sacking ought to be hounded out of business." What about a canvas manufacturer?

* * *

F. G. (Esher).—"Some street vendors now do their rounds in fast cars." Stepping on the gas gives them more time to gas on the step.

* * *

W. L. (Exeter).—"I saw my youngest son making faces at the neighbour's bulldog over the fence." Well, we suppose the dog started it.

G. K. (Henfield).—"Is there no way of calling the bluff of those insufferable folk who are always bragging about the money they make?" Yes, ask them for a loan.

E. B. (Appleby).—"Why does an Englishman tap a pepper-pot on the bottom and an American tap it on the side?" To get the pepper out.

"NEWLYWED" (Ripon).—"Those two little words 'I will' have made this a happy New Year for me." Now make it a prosperous one too—by capturing £1,000 with two, three or four little words on a coupon from opposite page.

A. L. (Iver).—"A new type of trunk has little wheels attached and can easily be drawn along." A housewife walking in the streets recently got a shock when she saw her cook on the way to the station with her luggage on the lead.

S. A. (London, W.).—"And imagine my surprise to find that, though we were going to a very fashionable function, my husband had not shaved himself." But perhaps he had—before you commenced to dress.

J. B. (Lymington).—"What can I do if rain comes through the roof of my house?" Let it.

MRS. T. L. (Sileby).—"I think my son wishes to become a crooner." That's not a wish, it's a threat.

S. G. (Hendon).—"Can you tell me the simplest way to prevent pipes from bursting?" Smoke cigarettes.

R. B. (Knebworth).—"The colonel was annoyed because I walked across the fairway just as he was driving his ball from the first tee." You got it in the neck?

R. G. (Maidstone).—"When we were abroad on holiday, my wife got a terribly bad throat in the mountains." Trying to outdo the echo?

* * *

R. T. (Bury).—"I have no objection whatever to the highbrow programmes on the radio." You haven't got a wireless set?

* * *

F. H. (Truro).—"I found a bone on the beach over 8 ft. long, but an expert said it wasn't the bone of a whale." Nevertheless, it was a whale of a bone.

S. M. (Frome).—"I'm afraid that people are apt to forget that, after all, the world was made in six days." But they realise that it has taken much longer for politicians to make it what it is.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course of a medical nature — you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write today, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BELFAST MORNING NEWS:—"A number of revisionist leaders have been rounded up for INTERMENT in Acre concentration camp."

THE EVENING ADVERTISER (Wiltshire):—"To let: Flat, self-contained; unfurnished; garden; terms UNREASONABLE."

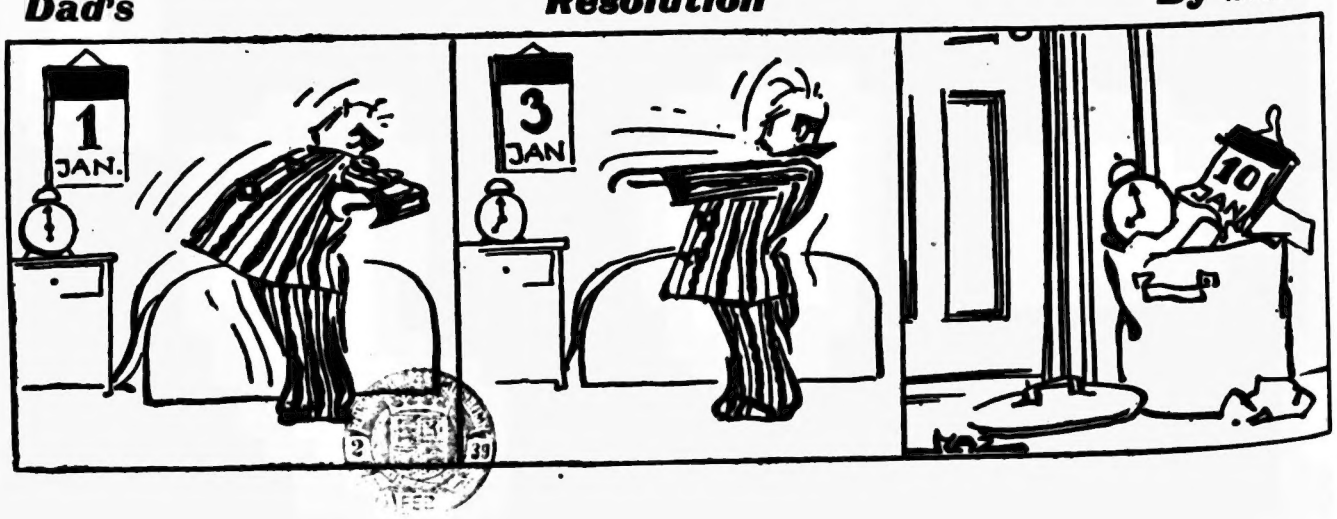
YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS: — "The tenants were protected under the REST Restrictions Act."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—". . . a result of accidental discharge of gun while PEASANT shooting."

HUNTS POST:—" . . . just at this time when the rays of the sun are so PREVIOUS to us."

Dad's Resolution

By Maz



GIANT OPPORTUNITY

£1,000

CAN BE YOURS! COUPON BELOW

Another £1000 Opportunity next Week!

ONE WEEK for these Prizes

£350

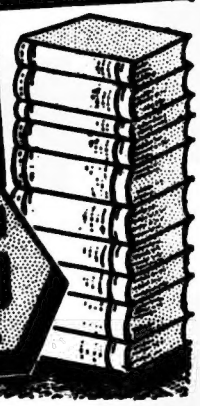
First Prize Cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,154 or that for Nos. 1,153 or 1,155 will be augmented to £1,000 cash, according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious. Thus you can WIN £1,000 WITH A COUPON BELOW!

£25	£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4	£3	10 of £2·10

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

and 50 10-in-1 LIBRARY PRIZES

YOUR CHOICE from over 500 FAMOUS BOOKS



WHO WANTS THAT £1,000 THRILL?

Mr. R. Thornhill

GOLDEN Joy Wires brought JOHN BULL's congratulations on winning big First Prizes to 50 *Bullets* entrants in 1938. And the last of our 1938 Joy Wires carried the thrill of big success to young Mr. R. V. Thornhill, 10, Staveley Road, Leicester.

It was for our 1,150th Contest that this 30-year-old insurance agent entered the neat and homely effort, WHEN MARRIED—"FINISHING SQUARE," "PUZZLE" WEEKLY. As announced last week, this was adjudged the best of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests Nos. 1,148, 1,149 and 1,150, so Mr. Thornhill's £250 prize was augmented by a £750 Bonus to a giant fortune of £1,000 cash.

Now to make 1939 your Golden Year—*by entering a £1,000 "Bullet" before January is a week older!* With a few of the words you use in everyday conversation, you can build up several *Bullets* in the next half-hour and one of them may well bring this four-figure fortune to you. A home or business of your own, a car, new furniture, money for holidays—all these and more can be yours if you make up your mind to follow Mr. Thornhill to a £1,000 success this week.

This giant New Year opportunity is supported by a batch of useful cheques, as many as 50 unique 10-in-1 Library awards and thousands of other prizes as well. But you have one week only to head this fine prize-list, so turn to the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, MAN WITH A CIGAR, you might jot down, *Wealthy, But Missing Children's Company*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, MAN WITH A CIGAR—BUT MISSING "LITTLE BAND."

To help you further, study the varying styles of these recent First Prize winners:—

WHEN MARRIED — "FINISHING SQUARE," "PUZZLE" WEEKLY.

WIFEY'S FURS—SHOW—MY UNDERWEAR DOESN'T!

STORMY WEATHER—NEEDN'T SWAMP "GOOD MORNING!"

THE MILLIONAIRE BOSS—WORKING FOR "MAN," NUFFIELD.

WORLD OF HAPPINESS — MAKE-BELIEVE? MAKE BY LOVE!

WAR-MONGERS — "VERMIN" NEVER NEAR TRENCHES.

Now make a start on your own *Bullets*. This splendid Offer is open only for a few days, so if you want a place in the long prize-list you must see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 21.

READ THESE RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1151 WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S "JOHN BULL."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,154 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000, comprising First Prize of £250 and additional bonus of £750, awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,150 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Thomsome, Evington Road, Leicester.

COMBINED ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,154, and Crossword No. 138, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

REMEMBER YOUR BONUS VOUCHER!

Last week's JOHN BULL contained special New Year Bonus Privilege Voucher. If you entered for our Big Cash and Grocery Offer No. 1,153 you are entitled to enclose completed Voucher with your entry this week for Bullets No. 1,154. Thus you qualify for a Complete Competitor's Outfit in handsome Writing Case with any prize of £2 10s. or over which you win in this Contest.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITAIN'S GAME	TORN WITH EMOTION
DAD WENT TOBOGGANING, BUT	WAY THE WIND BLOWS
RAIL v. ROAD	WHEN THINGS ARE QUIET
LIFE'S WINE	BECOMING THE FASHION
MAN WITH A CIGAR	MISSED THE MARK
SONNY'S TROUBLE	COWARDLY ATTACK
WHAT SHOULD WE DO IF	TO SILENCE THE CRITICS
NO BUSINESS	CALLING FOR HER
SHE GAVE ONE LOOK AND	IN PEACE
IDLE TALK	WHAT THE PASSENGER THINKS
TO GRANDPA'S DISGUST	WORRIES NEVILLE
WHEN MY LUCK TURNS	SHADOW OF UNEMPLOYMENT

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,154) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 21.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,154) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 21.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,154) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 21.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

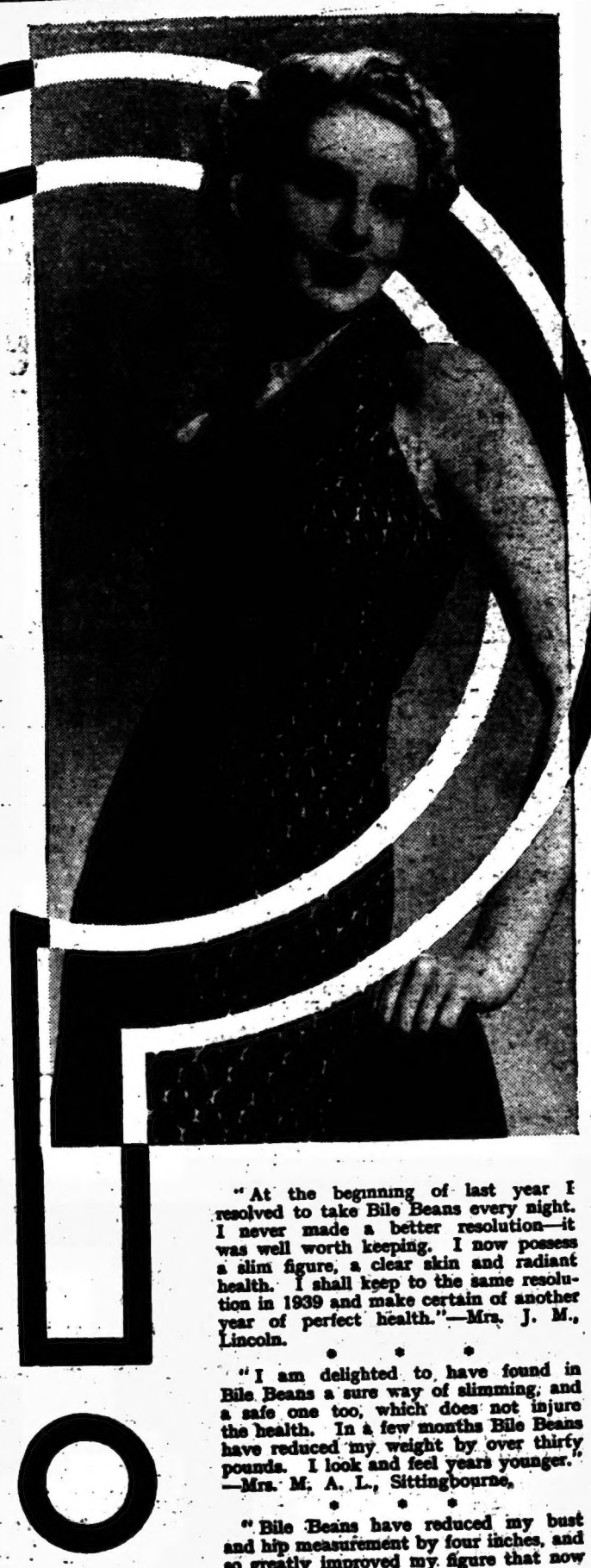
I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,154, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,154, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why not Regain a Slim Figure in 1939



EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better in the year ahead. Slenderness is the sure way to health, beauty and fitness.

A couple of Bile Beans taken nightly enables you to slim, surely and safely, to lose that unwanted "poundage" while you sleep.

Not merely do these fine vegetable pills disperse unwanted fat, Bile Beans do far more—they purify and enrich the blood and tone up the entire system.

Why not start slimming to-night with Bile Beans and so make sure of looking and feeling your best?

"At the beginning of last year I resolved to take Bile Beans every night. I never made a better resolution—it was well worth keeping. I now possess a slim figure, a clear skin and radiant health. I shall keep to the same resolution in 1939 and make certain of another year of perfect health."—Mrs. J. M., Lincoln.

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"I am delighted to have found in Bile Beans a sure way of slimming, and a safe one too, which does not injure the health. In a few months Bile Beans have reduced my weight by over thirty pounds. I look and feel years younger."—Mrs. M. A. L., Sittingbourne.

* * *

"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hip measurement by four inches, and so greatly improved my figure that now standard dresses and coats fit me perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, more energy and made me ever so fit."—Miss A. D., Cheshire.

By Taking

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

At Bedtime

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